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GREETING AND FAREWELL.

BY A. Y. R.

Only a year ago, one year, my darling,
'Twas here we lingered, passion's tale to tell;
Only a year, and all around unaltered,
Yet nothing left but greeting and farewell.

Nay, better so. We have one bloom eternal,
To hide away in Memory's deepest cell,
That day was full of golden joy, unbroken,
Though it left nothing for us but—farewell.

So let us clasp cold fingers frank and freely,
Let the low tones no bitter reckoning tell;
It is not we, but life and time that part us.
Nothing is left but greeting and farewell!

The Marked Stone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF FATUITOUS WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"YOU STAY moping about this old jail of a place too much," he said, stroking Lady's head—"that's what it is. That's just what Cordelia does. Look here, there was a fine frost last night, and I dare say the lake will bear this morning. You ask her about the skates, and I'll give you a first lesson. That will be better than being cooped up twaddling poetry with Durward.

"To day?" queried Rosalie dubiously. "I—I—don't think I can."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to Mossendean."

"With Cordelia?"

"No. She wants some things there, but she doesn't care to go, and so I am going for her."

"Oh, that's it! Are you going by yourself."

"No, I don't know the way. Durward said he would get the little chaise and take me."

"Oh," exclaimed Dermot brusquely, "all right; don't let me interfere with your precious arrangements! Only, if I were you, Miss Redferne, I'd say my prayers before I got behind anything bigger than a sheep with Durward, for he'll break your neck. He drive to Mossendean? That's a good one, with the road all up hill and down dale as it is! Is he going to get himself up in one of the suits of armor out there in the dining room or have old Margery pin him up in a blanket?"

"I think you are very unkind," cried Rosalie angrily, "and rude and foolish besides! Just because you are stronger than your brother, you think you are better too. There's nothing despicable in a man's being delicate, but it is mean to sneer at him for being so. There!"

The short truce was over, and the sword was drawn again. Rosalie's little face was rosy enough now as she stood staring defiantly at the victim she was stabbing.

"Oh, Durward's a hero, we know!" said Dermot scornfully, and with a mocking laugh. "You'll find him so no doubt, the first chance there is of his risking his neck for you. There isn't anything heroic that he won't do—sitting in his arm chair. We all know that!"

"At any rate he is a gentleman," cried Rosalie wrathfully—"if you can understand what that means."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, clenching his hands, apparently to resist a temptation to shake her.

"Only that I should imagine your knowledge on the subject to be very limited," retorted the girl scathingly, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Look here!" cried Dermot, turning upon her threateningly, towering above like a young giant over a captive fairy. "You just hold your tongue! You'd better, for I won't stand anymore of your sneering mocking talk, you little witch! I'd taught you better before now if you hadn't been such a baby of a thing. Hold your tongue, I say, if you don't want it stopped for you."

"Perhaps you would like to shake me," said Rosalie airily. "Pray do, I'm only a girl."

For a moment Dermot looked as though he would like it very much; his face was pale with passion, his hands twitched, and his dark eyes flashed as he looked down at the little taunting figure. But he restrained himself, and with an imprecation which, if it was not loud, was certainly deep, wheeled round upon his heel and stalked out of the hall, slamming the paneled door heavily behind him.

When Miss Redferne presently tripped into the breakfast room, she looked, with her pink cheeks and her bright eyes, even prettier than usual.

But there was no one to admire her, it seemed, for the only other occupant of the room was Durward, who, shivering in his great cushioned chair by the hearth, stretched out his white hands to the blaze, and seemed totally unconscious of her entrance. For a moment the girl waited wonderingly, then advanced. She was certain that he knew she was there.

"Good morning, Durward," she said gently.

"Good morning, Miss Redferne."

This was ridiculous. Hitherto he had always called her Rosalie, had called her so before the end of the first week at White Towers.

Her cheeks crimsoned, she passed through a brief mental struggle, then pitied him again, and finally asked softly—

"Don't you feel so well this morning?"

"Thank you; pray do not waste your solicitude upon me, Miss Redferne. Keep it for your latest favorite, I beg you. With his partiality for breaking his neck he may want it before long."

"What objection have you to my speaking to your brother?" Rosalie demanded facing him angrily.

"None whatever, I assure you. What objection could I presume to have? On the contrary, I congratulate you upon your taste. I did not know that it lay in the direction of boors though—"

"You are horrible, Mr. Musgrave!" cried Rosalie wrathfully. "How dare you speak like that to me? You are abominably rude, insulting—a thousand times worse than Dermot, for he has not been taught better, poor boy, and you have. I—I hate you?"—with an outburst of tears.

"Rosalie—Rosalie, don't say that—don't!" He rose from his chair, grasping her warm hands with his cold fingers, his face as white as her's was crimson. "Don't say you hate me. Forget what I said—I didn't mean it. You know I didn't—I was jealous!" he gasped. "I only meant that I wanted you to think of me, not Dermot—to stay with me, not with him. He does not want you—he jeered and laughed the very night he brought you home here. But you belong to me—you know you do—you know you must—it is your fate. What will become of me, of us, if you throw me off."

He sank down into his chair again, half fainting, his breath almost failing him.

Rosalie drew her hands away, flew to a huge carved buffet in a corner of the room, found some wine, and pouring out a glass, forced him to drink it.

Her tempest of wrath had given place to wonder and pity! and she stood by his chair watching him remorsefully.

His breathing grew gradually quieter, his color returned, and he ceased to tremble; but he would not open his eyes or speak for what she felt was an unreasonably short time.

"Are you all right now?" she asked at last. Cordelia's voice was audible outside, and Sir Dunstan's gentle weary tones, and, if they came in and found him looking so, how ridiculous it would be, she thought impatiently. "You are better now," she added.

"Of course I am not better!" he retorted peevishly, half opening his eyes to regard her reproachfully. "How do you think I can be better after being put into a state like this?"

"But I didn't put you into it—you put yourself into it," said the girl, by no means inclined to take the rebuke meekly. "It was not my fault."

"But it was your fault!" he contended fretfully. "You know how bad excitement is for me, and that I can't stand being worried, and yet you do all you can to annoy me. You might have a little more consideration. If you make me put myself out so again, it will about kill me. I shall not be able to stir to-day. I wish you knew how it is to feel as I do," he concluded closing his eyes languidly.

The door opened, and Cordelia entered the room with Sir Dunston, the secretary following, and Rosalie slipped hastily into her seat, after hurriedly returning the Baronet's gentle good morning.

It was a very dull meal, eaten in complete silence, for Durward suddenly refused breakfast altogether; Sir Dunston as usual appeared to forget his cup and plate as he sat staring abstractedly before him; and Stephen Gifford was mute, although he looked often, furtively and curiously, at Cordelia Musgrave, whose face was quite colorless this morning.

Nor was the state of things improved by Dermot, who came in when the meal was half over, and who marched out of the room again before any one else had finished, having said exactly six words, and those very gruff ones, and elaborately ignored Rosalie.

The meal came to an end at last. Sir Dunstan and his secretary went off together to the study; Cordelia withdrew to hold her usual morning conference with old Margery in the great tiled kitchen; and Rosalie remained in her place, glancing furtively and doubtfully at Durward, who half reclining in a picturesque attitude, kept his eyes closed, and neither spoke nor showed the slighest consciousness of her presence.

This was intensely exasperating; she bore it patiently for a few minutes, then sprung up briskly, and went to his side.

"Don't you think I had better get my things on now, Durward? I won't be very long, and you can tell them to get the pony chaise ready at once—can't you?—so that we need not lose any time," she said cheerfully.

"Pony—chaise? What do you mean?"

"Why, to go to Mossendean," replied Rosalie, coolly. "You said you would drive me, you know, yesterday."

"Mossendean?" echoed Durward, rising on his elbow, and speaking with an irritable, peevish remonstrance. "I go to Mossendean to-day? I can't go—it would kill me, after the state you were selfish enough to put me into with your temper. I won't go—I should be laid up for a week after it, I know I should—you know it. Besides," he added fretfully, after a pause, and looking at her with petulant impatience as he shivered, and drew a heavy rug closer about him, "I shouldn't have gone to-day in any case—it's too cold, it would freeze me. Let Cordelia send one of the maids—there are enough of them about, the lazy hussies—or old Dan can go."

"I shall go!" said Rosalie, turning away.

"You? Nonsense, you can't—you'd lose yourself. Besides, I want you here with me. I shall go melancholy mad if I spend all this wretched day by myself, and no one can amuse me as you can. Get the paper and read to me for an hour or so, and afterwards, if you like, I'll give you another German lesson. I don't mind doing that," he concluded graciously.

"Since you want amusing, Mr. Musgrave, I should advise you to amuse yourself; I decline the office, by your leave, and have something better to do than to waste my time pampering your foolish whims. I shall be obliged if you will remember that for the future. I was asked to stay here as your sister's companion, I believe—not yours."

Miss Redferne delivered this impressive speech with a dignified air, and marched out of the room with her most imposing air.

But by the time she reached the great hall her majesty collapsed, and she began to cry.

There was nobody about, either to see or hear her, so she threw herself down at full length on the great rug by the fire, and sobbed and cried to her heart's content, in a tumult of mingled chagrin, pain, and rage.

She was angry at herself and furious at Durward; and she sobbed and panted, until, just as her passion had reached its height, the door opened smartly, and Dermot, coming quickly across to the fire, almost tumbled over her.

"Confound the thing!" At first he was inclined to attribute his tripping to the rug, which he kicked viciously; then becoming aware of the forlorn little figure curled up on it, he drew back, and stared at it in amazement. "Hello!" he exclaimed "At it again! What's up now?"

Rosalie made no attempt to reply, but ungracefully scrambled to her feet, and turned her back upon him.

Dermot had entirely forgotten his own grievance for the moment when he saw her crying, and, being quick-witted enough when he choose, was not slow to guess the cause of her tears; so, after waiting a moment, he said—

"So it's Durward, is it?"

"I never said it was," declared Rosalie snappishly.

"No, I know you didn't; but it is all the same. What's up with him? Isn't he going to take you to Mossendean after all?"

"No, he isn't."

"I thought as much," remarked Dermot, with a sardonic chuckle. "What's the matter with the pretty dear? Is he afraid the cold will spoil his complexion, or that old Boss will upset the chaise?"

"I don't know what he's afraid of, and I don't care," avowed Rosalie, stamping her foot petulantly. "He is nonsensical—he would vex a saint. He behaves like a great baby!"

"Oh," said the younger brother slowly, "so you've found that out; I thought you would! And so you've been treating him to a little bit of your tongue, have you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that I hoped he liked it," said Dermot, shrugging his shoulders. "Quarreling is in your line, isn't it?"

"No, it is not."

"Oh, I thought it was! Looks like it, at any rate. You never have a pleasant word to throw at a dog once a week, anyhow."

"It isn't true," cried Rosalie. "That is, if it's true, it isn't my fault, and you know it isn't. I have tried to be nice to you; but it is no good. No matter what I say or do,

you are always as rude and disagreeable as you can be, and trying all you can to show me that you can't bear me, and that you think I am no better than a silly little baby. You know you are!"

"Look here," said Dermot brusquely, "I'd stick to the truth, if I were you, if I did nothing else. I've never said half about you that you have about me, or at you either, and you know it. I don't make women cry—I leave that to Durward"—in a tone of supreme disgust. "You're always taunting me—you know you are—why can't you let me alone? I would sooner you slapped my face—that wouldn't hurt—I shouldn't mind that. It isn't over-easy, I tell you, to dear from a girl, and make believe you don't mind, things that you'd just knock a man down for saying."

"If I say nasty things to you, so do you to me," retorted Rosalie resentfully.

"I couldn't say the things you do if I were paid for it—couldn't think of them. Who says the nastiest?" Dermot demanded "When do I ever stand and exasperate you till you don't know your right hand from your left?"

"When do I?" cried Rosalie!

"When do you? I like that! When don't you?"

Then followed a pause, during which Dermot stared at the fire with a sufficiently forbidding aspect; while from under her long lashes Miss Redferne stole sundry timid glances at him.

She felt very much injured; but she remembered Cordelia's protest and the bulrushes, and she felt very remorseful about it too.

She confessed to herself that it was a little too bad; but, at the same time, she resolved to make one more speech in self-defense.

"But you do say nasty things—I know you do. You said I had a vitriol tongue—I heard you tell Cordelia so—and that you didn't want me here, and wished I was gone. That sounds very much as if you hated me, I think."

"Well," returned Dermot, rather taken aback—"and little wonder if I did say it. I shouldn't have done it if you had only let—let me alone; and, as for hating you, I don't hate you. Who'd hate such a little kitten of a thing as you? I—I like you well enough when you behave yourself right."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said the young lady meekly.

This was not only a very lame ending to so spirited a debate, but a decidedly ridiculous one.

Rosalie, presently glancing up, curious to see how her enemy looked, caught his eyes glancing down, equally anxious to see how she looked, and, the absurdity of the situation becoming too palpable to be resisted, they both laughed.

"What geese we are!" exclaimed Rosalie.

"Well," allowed Dermot reflectfully, "perhaps we are."

"I have a horrid tongue, I know"—she was bent upon making the fullest atonement now that she had confessed her fault. "Cordelia is right, I must keep it in better order! but then"—consolingly—"I don't mean half the silly things I say, you know."

"All right," returned Dermot. "Look here, do you care to go to Mossendean? Because it's a jolly day, and I'll take you if you like."

"If I behave myself?" queried Rosalie slily.

"Oh, you're all right now!" he declared promptly, with a reassuring air. "Will you go?"

"Yes—I—think so!" She hesitated, and then added, "I should like it very much. You know I have hardly been out since I came to White Towers. But I must ask Cordelia what articles she wants, and put my things on."

"All right; I see about getting old Bess, then."

And he would have gone at once; but she detained him by suddenly laying her hand upon his arm.

All the mirth and bloom had faded from her face as she raised her anxious blue eyes to his:

"Dermot, I want you to tell me something!" she whispered eagerly. "You would have told me before, I know, only we were both so silly. Tell me now. What was—— Oh," she broke off passionately, "you know what I mean!"

In what must have been a fit of absence of mind, he put his hand over her soft little fingers as though there had not been two quarrels and one making up since he had clasped them before.

"Look here Rosalie," he had not called her Rosalie before, and his cheeks flushed, which naturally caused her to blush to. "I beg your pardon," he said awkwardly and drew back a little."

"Why; you may call me Rosalie if you like," declared the young lady sweetly, and with a charming innocent air. "Why shouldn't you? Cordelia always does, and Sir Dunston."

With diplomatic prudence she refrained from mentioning somebody else who always did.

"All right! Look here, Rosalie—you recollect what I said to you once before, don't you?"

Rosalie nodded expressively.

"Very well then, that's all I've got to say now. Don't you listen to any stuff about ghosts and all that sort of thing. It's all sheer rubbish—that's what it is, and will just frighten you into fits. As for that screech-owl affair that scared you last night, it wasn't anything."

"Nothing?" answered the girl incredulously.

"No," declared Dermot sturdily. "Nothing—that is, nothing but the wind, you know, we catch plenty of it perched up here. That's what it was—the wind."

"The wind? Oh," cried the girl, "I never heard the wind sound like that."

"You would have heard it often if you'd lived at White Towers all your life as I have."

"But it did not sound like the wind?" Rosalie demurred, looking up at him with a troubled face. "And besides, Cordelia said——"

"A lot of rubbish!" he interrupted unceremoniously. "Yes, I daresay she did. I told you she might perhaps. Now, didn't I? It's only one of her fancies—that's all! She's like Durward in that—though she's worth a score of him. It's nothing but the wind I tell you!"

"Could it have been?" murmured the girl doubtfully; but as Dermot retorted, "What else could it have been?" and thus opened a question in her mind which she was not by any means prepared to answer, she ran off to get ready for her ride to Mossendean, and to obtain the list of articles that Cordelia wanted.

Miss Musgrave opened her dark eyes wonderingly when she heard who was to be Rosalie's escort; and, when presently she watched the pair drive out of the courtyard, in the strong little chaise drawn by sturdy old Bess, she shook her head and sighed, feeling for a time almost tempted to wish that Rosalie Redferne had not come to White Towers.

She sighed again and turned away from the window.

"Poor Dermot!" she said to herself. "My poor boy! And poor little Rosalie too! How will it end for them both? My poor children!"

CHAPTER X.

THE "poor children," quite unaware of Cordelia's pity, and quite unconscious of wanting it had a very pleasant ride to Mossendean; and Gurth and Lady, who went with them as a matter of course, had an equally pleasant scamper, and made Ullsdale ring with their barks.

It was a cold day, with a lowering gray sky—for more snow was threatening; but Rosalie, muffled up to the chin in the fur rugs in which Dermot had wrapped her, did not mind that; and she was too pleased with her ride, and too determined to be "nice," to take any notice of the fact that the rough little chaise was badly off for springs.

The road would knock to pieces any "fine fiddle-faddle thing!" Dermot assured her. And no doubt he was right, for a more rough and torturous road she had never seen.

Up and down the little mountain paths and rough stretches of rocky road, with here and there an undulating sweep of swelling green, old Bess plodded along cautiously, taking her own time.

But, slow as she was, she brought them safely to Mossendean at last; and, although the journey had taken an hour and a half, the young people had arrived in the best of spirits, and had not quarreled once, which was in itself a triumph.

Cordelia's requirements were of the "odd and end" order, and as modest in their nature as the Mossendean shops, so Miss Redferne soon brought her shopping to a triumphant conclusion, and stowed away the last of her purchases beneath the seat of the chaise. Then old Bess' head was turned towards Ullsdale.

But they did not leave Mossedean without one little incident hindering them for a few minutes.

Dermot had tucked up his companion so snugly in the rugs that only her little face and yellow hair and fur cap were visible, and had gathered up the reins, when he started and cried out suddenly:

"Hallo! Why, there's Knabb!"

Knabb had stepped up to the side of the chaise as he was recognised—a middle-aged smart-looking man in rough tweed clothes, a huge plaid, Scotch cape, and gaiters. He greeted Dermot with, "Ah, Mr. Musgrave, glad to see you!" and bowed to Rosalie politely.

"Why, I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Musgrave," said Knabb then, "since you came over to me at Youlmere yonder, on the night of the fine snow-storm—about that gang of beauties who were playing up their pranks over on Scaw Fell."

"I thought you said it was Scouter Fell," said Dermot quickly.

"Ah," replied Knabb, "that's what I thought then, Mr. Dermot! You thought differently, I recollect. Well, you were right and I was wrong—that's all about it. It was on the old Scaw, safe enough."

"How do you know?"

"Why, this way," returned the exciseman deliberately. "I found that I was wrong; and then began to fancy that you might be right perhaps."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, so I had a look about on the Scaw—a pretty keen look, and I found the nest warm, but the birds gone."

"You found a still on Scaw Fell?" cried Dermot excitedly.

"That's what I did, sir!"

"And nothing else?"

"Bless you—yes! Half-a-dozen full jars that would hold about four gallons apiece, all tied up ready to cart away, and as many empty ones."

"And you left them there?"

"There was no help for it!" replied the exciseman, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I was alone, don't you see, Mr. Musgrave? I hurried back to Youlmere yonder, as quick as I could; but it was getting latish, and I didn't see the use of risking my neck in the dark. We were at the Scaw next morning, but it was gone—every spoonful of it, sir! I'd been watched, I take it; and the scamps had removed it in the night. But," added Knabb, laying his hand for a moment upon the young man's arm, "the question that beats me is just this, Mr. Musgrave—where did they take it?"

"Youlmere?" suggested Dermot promptly; but Knabb shook his head, and looked as if he would have winked but for the presence of the lady.

"Not they, Mr. Dermot. They're too sharp for that. There are too many eyes on the look-out for 'em at Youlmere; besides, look at the distance. No, no—it wasn't taken there."

"Where then—here?" asked Dermot incredulously, looking round disparagingly upon as much of Mossendean as he could see.

"No," returned Knabb, shaking his head; "it wasn't brought here either, sir. I've searched; and, if a thing can escape me when I look for it, why, I'll give it leave—that's all. More than that, I've searched almost every inch of the Scaw—every nook and corner, Mr. Dermot, and had every miner's cottage in the place turned out. All no go, though—the stuff's gone!"

"But where?" cried Dermot.

"Ah," returned the excisesman, with a shrewd look, "that's the question! It's pretty close, I don't doubt, where they can lay their hands upon it. I shall catch 'em yet, Mr. Musgrave. It's those three, safe enough; and that Nat Boscawen, or Nat-o'-the-Dales, as he calls himself, is the knowingest of the three! He could put his hand upon it without much looking first, I'll bet on that!"

"They must have found some hiding-place for it near the Scaw!" said Dermot thoughtfully.

"That's it, sir! The question is—where is that hiding-place? I don't rest till I find out, that's a sure thing!"

"How long ago was this?"

"That I found the still, sir? Three days ago."

"They may have poured it away."

"Not they, Mr. Dermot!" declared Knabb. "You don't catch them pouring whiskey away unless it's down their own throats!"

"Where was the still? In what part of the Scaw?" asked Dermot.

"In about the neatest little place they could have hit upon, sir. The hollow they call the Old Woman's Basket."

"Well, I hope you'll catch 'em!" said Dermot. "Good day, Knabb!"

"Good day, Mr. Musgrave. Good day to you, miss! If I do lay my fingers on those beauties, sir, you bet you shall know of it."

Old Bess trotted briskly down the steep hilly street, with Gurth and Lady prancing and barking about her gaily; and the exciseman was left standing on the footpath. Glancing down presently and meeting Rosalie's eyes, Dermot was seized with a sudden pang of contrition.

"I say," he said quickly; "I hope you didn't get cold through that fellow stopping us?"

"Oh, no; I'm as warm as toast—you tucked me up so splendidly!"—and she nestled closer down among the rugs with a little laugh. Dermot, didn't he mean smuggling—making whiskey with an illicit still, or whatever they call it?"

"That's it!" said Dermot nodding.

"Would the men be punished if they were caught?"

"Well I should rather think so!" replied Dermot, with some show of indignation.

"Why should they be? It doesn't do any harm?"

"Doesn't it? You wouldn't say that, Rosalie, if you knew all the misery this smuggling causes. I don't care a dump about the revenue; it isn't because of that that I should like to get hold of these fellows. It's because the mischief they do through brewing this stuff."

"What mischief?"

"These fellows—these miners round here will do anything to get whiskey; but they can't get it in the proper way—it's too dear. Then these smuggling beauties come in. They brew the stuff, smuggle it down into some hole they've got—I wish I knew where it is—sell it to those fellows awfully cheap, what's the consequence? They all get drunk, and knock their wives and children about—half murder them sometimes. That's the mischief of it!"

"Horrid!" cried Rosalie, with a shudder. "I should like to help to catch them, the wretches! How cold it is! I am chilly even under all these rugs. Are we nearly home?"

"Not yet—only about half-way; we have not passed the Scaw yet. Didn't you say you wanted to go nearer to it?"

"Oh, yes—if we can! I have not been near to it, you know, since that horrid day. I want you to show me just where you were when you heard me call, and where it was in that dreadful Black Gap that you found me."

"All right," returned Dermot. "It's only going a very little bit out of our way. You will get a good view of it in another minute."

"I can see the top now," said the girl, looking eagerly at the great snow crested glittering point that dwarfed the surrounding peaks.

"Just around this point here, and you'll be able to see the entrance to Black Gap There you are! Yonder's Youlmere, and Knairesdale's over there!"

But Rosalie only gave a very perfunctory glance in the two directions indicated by his whip; her eyes were fixed eagerly and curiously upon the gaunt rugged outline of the towering Scaw.

Presently she lowered them to the frowning entrance of Black Gap, the stony jaws of which had so nearly been her last sleeping place.

She shivered and turned pale, and Dermot, glancing down, saw the change that had come over her.

"Why, you're all right now," he said bluntly, endeavoring to reassure her—ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course; but I never really knew what a dreadful place it was before!" She shivered again as she turned her eyes away from the Gap." It looks like a great mouth," she said. "I shall never venture to go near it by myself again. Which is the place that man spoke of—the old Woman's Basket?"

"Just behind there," replied Dermot, pointing with his whip to a craggy projection crowned with stunted juniper bushes, about half-way up the Scaw. "It's a sort of queer cave, you know, and the entrance is pretty well hidden with bushes and stuff. Knabb was right—those beauties couldn't have found a snugger little place for their carryings-on anywhere in the dale."

"You were looking for those smiling wretches that day," she queried—"weren't you? Did you look in the Old Woman's Basket?"

"No," he confessed. "Like a fool, I never thought of it."

"I wonder if they were there!"

"If they were not, I've no doubt their still was. Knabb says he found the whole plant." He paused and shrugged his shoulders with a laugh. "Precious lucky it was for me that I didn't look there, they might have been at home, and it would have been all up with me in that case."

"Why—what would they have done?"

"Pitched me down the Scaw, most likely!"

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the girl. "What wretches!"

"Well, they're not over particular," said Dermot. "Anyhow, I've no doubt that if

they had caught me spying I should have come down without the trouble of walking. And it isn't the easiest thing in the world to get down the old Scaw safely when you do walk."

"It must be dreadfully dangerous to get either up or down; I am sure I never could, I should be too frightened. Oh, Dermot, look! What's that?"

"What's what?" asked Dermot, startled and staring towards Black Gap, whither she was pointing.

"I saw a man come out of a crevice on the right side, the Scaw side. I'm sure I did. He darted back when he saw us."

"You did, though!" cried Dermot excitedly. "Then I'll bet ten to one that it's one of those beauties; Nat-o'-the-Dales, I expect. He's at the bottom of it all, and the worst of the lot. I wish I'd seen him! What was he like? A big red-headed fellow, with a scar across the forehead?"

"No, no—not a bit!" Rosalie shook her head with decision. "Dermot, it couldn't have been, of course, but really it looked exactly like——" She hesitated, and he said sharply—

"Well—like what?"

"Exactly like Mr. Gifford."

"Rubbish!" retorted Dermot. "Gifford! What the dickens should he be doing there? It's your fancy."

"Well, it looked like him," declared the girl positively, "that's all I can say. It may have been fancy, though. I only caught a glimpse of him."

"I should say it was a fancy and a half! Gifford is crouching over the fire in the study with Dunston. That's where he is. He's no fonder of prowling round Black Gap or up the Scaw than Durward is and that's saying a good deal. It's queer, though who it could have been. One of those smuggling beauties, I'll wager. I've a good mind to go and have a look round, and see if I can't spot him."

"Oh, no—don't!" Her hold on his arm tightened into a resolute grip, and she brought her other hand to bear, less appealingly than imperatively. "You she'n't go," she said. "You might get hurt, Dermot."

He muttered something about "girls" and "rubbish" and "little coward," but he yielded ignominously. He might have done so, but his eyes met hers, and they had never seemed so "cut out from the azure of heaven" before. Dermot did not put it to himself in that romantic way, but he dropped back into his seat quite resignedly, and shook old Bess's reins.

When they arrived at White Towers, and Dermot lifted Rosalie out of the chaise, she glanced over her shoulder nervously, suddenly recollecting that blood-red mark which stained the stone on the threshold of the old Castle.

There it was, paler than it appeared in the light of the moon, but crimson and blood-like still. Turning away with a shudder, she saw, looking through one of the narrow windows which faced the courtyard, a pair of eyes, bright, kind, and brown, which were looking from a bearded face over Cordelia's shoulder.

"Dermot," cried Rosalie impulsively, "who is that?"

"Who?" he asked, coming up to her.

Old Margery and one of the maids had come out to ransack the chaise, and a stable-boy was leading off old Bets. Then following her glance he cried out in a pleasant voice:

"Hallo! Why, it's Rose Braithwaite!"

"Who is he?" questioned Rosalie quickly.

Cordelia and her companion had left the window; they were evidently coming out.

"I'll tell you what he ought to be," returned Dermot deliberately, "and that's Cordelia's husband."

"He is her lover then?" queried the girl eagerly, and with some surprise.

She had never credited grave and sedate Cordelia with a lover.

"He would if she'd let him, but she won't. Of course he is, all the same," said Dermot paradoxically.

"Isn't she fond of him then?"

"Of course she is! You'll see pretty quickly that she is."

"Then why don't she marry him?" inquired Miss Redferne practically.

"Because she won't. What's the good of asking me? It's a fad of hers."

"What is?"

"Why, that is; he must have asked her a dozen times in the last four years. He's come to do it again, I expect. More than I'd do if a woman kept packing me off—I know that."

"And still she won't!"

"Says she won't, anyway. And appears to mean it."

"But why should she mean it?"

"Don't I tell you it's a fad of hers?"

"But why should she have such a fad?"

"Because she thinks she ought not to marry."

"I never heard of such a silly thing!" avowed Rosalie. "What should she think that for?"

"I never saw such a girl as you are to ask questions!" Dermot exclaimed, apparently goaded to despair. "Ask her if you want to know. What's the use of trying to badger me?"

"Now, don't be cross, Dermot, there's a good boy," said the girl soothingly. "You have been so nice, and I've enjoyed my ride to Mossendean ever so much. Tell me who Mr. Baithwaite is?"

"Cordelia met him first at Waveiscombe. He has something to do with shipbuilding on the Clyde, and is well off. That's all I know about him."

"And you like him, don't you?" asked Rosalie, with a thoughtful nod of her pretty head.

"Well enough. A couple of years ago he wanted me to go and try his business—said that if I would he would get me a good post in time—but I didn't care about it and wouldn't."

"Oh," cried the girl quickly but gently, "that was a pity, a great pity."

"I know I was a fool," Dermot assented in a low tone and with a troubled look; "but I—things I mean were different then. Somehow—I don't know how it is, Rosalie—but it's only just lately that I've found out what a fool I am over so many things, and I'd give a good deal—anything almost to be different. By Jove, you wouldn't believe it, but I almost envy Durward sometimes! Well, it's too late now, I suppose."

He looked at her again wistfully; and, as she turned her eyes innocently to his, her childish heart began to flutter as it had never fluttered yet.

There was only time for a rapid word, for Cordelia and her companion was half way across the great hall. She could only whisper eagerly:

"No—no—it is not too late! Try!" and then ran forward lightly to meet them.

* * * * * *

The dinner table at White Towers was unusually bright and cheerful that evening. Certainly Durward was rather a wet blanket, being desperately sulky, and Cordelia, on her part although her sombre eyes were brighter, and a faint color tinted her cheeks, was very subdued and quiet; but Dermot had a great deal to say, even good-temperedly, while Sir Dunston aroused himself from his usual abstraction in a fashion that astonished Miss Redferne.

That astute little lady, studying Mr. Braithwaite demurely from beneath her long lashes, found him to be a man who might have been a year or two upon either side of thirty-five, with a handsome face, a bright eye a pleasant voice, and a bright and cordial manner. She decided that she liked him very much.

It was a great pity that Cordelia would not marry him, she thought; it was downright silly of her too, for, although she looked so prim and staid, it was plain that she was fond of him, and if she wanted to know if he was fond of her she had only to look at him.

He showed it plainly enough, that was certain, thought Rosalie as she watched Mr. Braithwaite's frequent glances at the fair grave face at the end of the great table.

Discreetly averting her eyes, Miss Redferne encountered another pair, at which she first blushed and then tossed her pretty head.

If Durward was too sulky to look at her there was no reason why she should scowl like a great cross boy because Dermot did it.

She went out of the room with Cordelia presently and took not the slightest notice of him.

In the great solemn drawing-room things were not so cheerful as they had been at dinner.

Durward withdrew after a little while—probably to sulk in solitude; a whispered communication from old Dan at the door took Dermot away; and Sir Dunston, after lingering a little while longer, went back to his study.

This left Rosalie alone with Cordelia and Braithwaite; the lovers talking earnestly together in the screened space before one of the great wood fires, having evidently forgotten all about the fair-haired little lady.

This state of affairs did not suit Miss Redferne, for she was by no means a lover either of solitude or silence.

But, wisely reflecting how natural it was that they should like to be by themselves, she pardoned the pair by the fire magnanimously.

Then a sudden thought darted into her mind, and, after hesitating for a little while she rose, and, stealing quietly out of the room, ran across the great hall, up steps and down steps, and along passages, until she stood, with her heart beating very fast, at the closed door of Sir Dunston's study

To little Rosalie this was such an awful and mysterious chamber that for a few moments she could hardly make up her mind to tap timidly and softly upon the oak panels. But she did it at last, and, hearing a gentle "Come in," turned the handle with both hands, and entered, to see Sir Dunston sitting at his writing-table, with his spectacles pushed up on his lined forehead, a large musty book open before him, and more dusty books scattered all about him.

"Why, Rosalie"—he smiled at the little timid figure in his gentle fatherly way, and betrayed some faint surprise at seeing her there—"what brings you here? Did Cordelia send you?"

"No, I came myself." She faltered for a moment, then took courage and added abruptly, "I want to ask you something, Sir Dunston, please."

"To ask me something?" he echoed. "Why, what can it be? Don't stand there, my child; shut the door and come to the fire. What is it?"

Rosalie, standing before the Baronet in his great chair, the color coming and going in her pretty face might have hesitated much longer had he looked less kind and encouraging. As it was, she drew a little nearer to him, and said coaxingly—

"You won't be vexed, Sir Dunston, will you?"

"Vexed at what, my dear?"

"At what I ask you?"

"I don't think so," he returned, smiling at her gently. "Why, am I such an ogre, Rosalie?"

"No—no—I don't mean that; I was only going to say that I never should have asked you, but Cordelia told me I might; because I ought to know of it, she thought. Sir Dunston, will you give me, and let me read, what is called the legend of White Towers?"

The girl's voice had sunk into a whisper, and she stood with her head drooping, and her eyes fixed upon the polished boards at her feet; Sir Dunston was silent too, and, with his hand over his eyes, appeared to be lost in thought and totally oblivious of his companion.

The pause lasted so long, the silence of the room so great, that Rosalie grew frightened. She was almost inclined to run away, and was trembling and pale when Sir Dunston spoke. He rose, putting his hand upon her shoulder.

"Do you want to know the legend of White Towers, Rosalie?"

"Yes," said the girl timidly, "if I may."

"Then you shall, child! Cordelia is right—I suppose she is right—you shall know it if you will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT DREAMS.—Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head.

Lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action.

Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions.

Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of obstructions and diseases of the liver.

Dreams in which the patient imagines torture or injury of any limb indicates disease in that limb.

Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head.

Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the head; often in nervous fevers announcing the approach of a favorable crisis.

A dream of great fire, in which the sleeper himself seemed to be consumed, was followed soon after by an attack of inflammation of the brain.

A lady who had a dream in which she saw all objects dim and obscured by a mist was soon after attacked by a disease of the eye, of which that was a symptom.

Apoplexy, epilepsy and similar diseases are often preceded by frightful dreams, in which the sleeper feels himself scalped by Indians, thrown over precipices or torn to pieces by wild beasts.

New Boarder, who is dressing:—"I say neighbor, what is that wailing, shrieking, cursing and sobbing I hear going on downstairs?"

Old Boarder dressing and beginning to yell:—"Heaven's! those are the other boarders gone down before us."

New Boarder—"Well, what does it mean?"

Old Boarder—"It means ham and eggs again!"

Attempts to hang himself from the chandelier with his carvat.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SILENCE PARTY.—One of Boston's latest fads is a silence party which is explained as follows: "The projectors do not avow its purpose till guests, one by one, are within the threshold. Then silence in the court is enjoined upon all, and the ceremony of sealing all lips is gone through with, the jig-saw tongue of the biggest gossiping in town is put away with the rest. Slates are then placed in the laps of each, and communication goes on for an hour or two by slate writing."

THE ORIGIN OF "MY UNCLE."—The term uncle's as applied to a pawnbroker's shop, is said to be a pun on the Latin word, uncus, a hook. Pawnbrokers applied a hook to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted. "Gone to uncus" therefore, is exactly tantamount to the modern phrase, "up the spout." In French the concierge of the prison is called uncle, because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by the government. In the Seventeenth Century a usurer was called "my uncle," in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin nepotes, nephews.

THE BEE'S STING.—A recent lecturer during his lecture at Cooper Union, New York, on "The Honey Bee," explained that the legend about the sting is that once at a great feast given by Jupiter, the bees sent some honey as their offering, and the queen that took it made a little speech. Jupiter is reported as having been highly pleased, and offered to bestow upon the queen anything she desired. The queen asked for a "sting" with which to kill her rivals, and Jupiter granted her request, but told her that if she ever used it on human beings it would cause her death.

BRISTOL.—The women of Bristol, though as beautiful now as any in England, are said to have been so ugly at the time of Queen Elizabeth that she granted them a charter which gave the freedom of the city of Bristol to any man who would marry a Bristol woman. An old custom allowed any man and wife, upon whom the chains of wedlock sat heavily, to go to a certain graveyard in the north of the city, there join hands across the grave, and then indignantly withdraw them with the mutual exclamation, "The grave parts us!" This they construed as a divorce.

FROGS.—Frogs are obliged to keep their mouths shut, for if they kept them open they would not be able to breathe. At the back of the mouth there is a slit-like opening, which leads to the tube that passes to the lungs. The mouth is thus a sort of bellows. If it is held open the bellows will not work, and he is suffocated. His lung, too, is different from ours, being a hollow bag, the sides of which have a sort of honey-comb lining, whereas ours are composed of a multitude of little tubes, with tiny air-bladders at the ends, packed as close as ever they can be. The frog also breathes a good deal through his skin which is always moist.

ECHOES.—In the park at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England, there is said to be an echo that in the day-time will repeat seventeen syllables, and at night twenty syllables. But this echo, even at its best, is still one behind the echo on the north side of Shipley church in Sussex, which clearly repeats twenty-one syllables. In the abbey at St. Albans a sound as faint as the tick of a watch is carried distinctly the whole length of the church. The cathedral at Gloucester has an octagonal gallery that carries a whisper a distance of seventy-five feet. The confessional of the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, was at one time, just at the angle from which a sound would convey two hundred and fifty. An unlucky exposure of secrets confided to the confessor caused its removal.

CURIOUS WAGERS.—In 1788 a young Irish gentleman, for a wager set out to Constantinople and back again in one year. A hopping man engaged in December 1731, to hop 500 yards in fifty hops in St. James park. He performed the feat in forty-six. In September, 1789, a Col. Ross set out from London for York, on a wager with a Mr. Pigot of $1000 that he reached his destination in forty-eight hours on the same horse. He performed the journey three hour within the time. On the 17th day of May, 1817, a respectable farmer for a wager undertook to ride a pony up two pair of stairs into a chamber of the George inn and down again which he actually performed. In February, 1770, a bet was made by an earl that he should find a man who would ride to Edinburgh and back to London in less time than an another earl should make a million dots in the most expeditious manner he could contrive.

LOVING AND FORGETTING.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

The brief sweet joy of loving,
The frail delight of bliss,
The sadness of forgetting,
Long dreariness of this!

Love's meteor-flash of glory,
Love's one wild burst of song—
Oblivion's long anguish,
Long struggle to be strong!

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

SLOWLY, with graceful serenity, Lady Lilian stepped down the stairs, smiling now and again at some remarks of the great Lord Fordingbridge; and as they come opposite the recess in which Paul and Iris shrank, Iris heard him say—

"Where has Lord Coverdale disappeared to, I wonder?"

Lady Lilian shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"I think I heard the duke ask him to go into the smoking room with him."

"Fortunately for me," said Lord Fordingbridge, gallantly.

Lady Lilian smiled as she retorted—

"I am afraid you wish yourself in his place!"

"Not for a kingdom," retorted Lord Fordingbridge. "What did you think of the new singer, Lady Lilian?"

She paused for a moment as she drew her wrap round her.

"Oh, very good," she replied, with the serene superiority of her class for the class below her; "a very good voice indeed, but rather affected, wasn't it?"

Iris's cheeks burned.

"Oh, do you think so?" responded Lord Fordingbridge. "It struck me as being very natural and unconventional."

"Was it? I am no judge. I daresay it was very good of its kind."

"She made a very great sensation," said his lordship, "and the duchess is quite pleased at discovering so great an attraction. I daresay we shall hear her again."

"I daresay," said Lady Lilian languidly, "that kind of person is not wont to hide its light under a bushel. Is this my carriage?"

At that moment a tall figure came out from a side door, and stood at one of the lobbies, looking down at the crowd anxiously, and, as it seemed, eagerly. It was Lord Heron.

"There is Lord Coverdale," said Lord Fordingbridge. "He is looking for you I daresay."

Iris looked at the fair beauty, to see how she would take the speech, but Lady Lilian's face did not change color.

"I am big enough to be seen, if he should be," she said laughingly.

Lord Heron came down the stairs with the same searching look on his face, and was brushing past the couple, when Lord Fordingbridge said—

"Here, Lord Coverdale: here is Lady Lilian!"

Lord Heron pulled up.

"You want your carriage?" he said, and he took the arm which Lord Fordingbridge resigned as if it were the proper thing to do.

Iris saw him lead her through the throng, then disappear, and, with a faint feeling of misery, she said,—

"Come, Paul, I think we can go away now."

He was only too willing, and keeping close to the wall, they made their way to the door and into the square.

Paul drew a long breath.

"Oh, Mabel!" he exclaimed, "what a success, what a triumph! How beautifully, how exquisitely you sang! Did you hear—but, no, you didn't seem to hear half they said."

"I think they talked of you as much as of me, Paul," said Iris.

"No, no," he responded eagerly. "It was of you, all of you! Mabel, wasn't I right? Didn't I say that you would have all the world at your feet? And this is nothing! Think of the theatre, all hanging upon your voice, and then breaking out into applause."

"Hush, hush, Paul!" she murmured.

He looked up at her with his large blue eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mabel!" he said gently. "How pale you look! It has been very trying for you, naturally. Let us go home."

"Not yet," said Iris. "Let us go into the park and breath the air. I feel, as you feel sometimes, Paul, as if I wanted to see the trees."

In silence, for Paul understood, or thought he understood what she was feeling, they made their way to the park, and sat down in the shade of one of the great trees.

Iris leant back, and closed her eyes. She was overwhelmed by the change which had come over her life, overwhelmed by the meeting with Lord Heron.

She had escaped him by the merest chance; how long would it be before she met him again?

What had he wanted to speak to her for.

She could be nothing to him now. The fair girl, Lady Lilian Foyle, would be the mistress of the Revels, and his wife.

What could Lord Heron have to say to her, Iris?

The minutes grew into hours; the sun was setting behind them, and the trees were growing golden in the light of the dying king.

Paul had limped off to gather a bunch of buttercups to place on the tea-table for her, and she was left alone to her musings of the past and the future.

Suddenly, she heard a step, and, though she had heard it but twice, she seemed to know it, and, looking up, she saw Lord Heron Coverdale.

He was walking quickly, his head bent, hands clasped behind his back. She shrank away from him to the farthest end of the seat, and it seemed as if he would pass her, but as he came abreast of the seat he happened to glance up, and, seeing her, stopped short, the blood surging to his pale, preoccupied face.

The next instant he was at her side, his hand outstretched, as if he feared that she would attempt to fly from him.

But Iris sat quite still, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on his face, her own white as death.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a low voice of intense gratitude; "I have found you! Miss Knighton——"

Her lips moved.

"Ah! be patient with me!" he pleaded. "Listen to what I have to say! Send me away then, if you will; but listen to me!"

In his agitation he sank down on the seat beside her. They were in an unfrequented part, and in almost as deep a solitude as they would have been in the Revels' woods.

"Miss Knighton, I have been—we have been—searching for you," he said, struggling to speak calmly, his eyes devouring the beautiful face with an intense eagerness and anxiety which he strove hard to conceal. "Was it—I will not utter a word of reproach if I can help it—but was it not cruel to cause us so much anxiety? I do not speak of myself but of others, of your old friend Mr. Barrington."

Iris's lips quivered.

"Words cannot tell you the distress your absence has caused him, or the relief and joy with which he will welcome tidings of you."

Iris forced herself to speak.

"I do not wish him to hear of me," she said in a low, set voice.

"What?" he said. "When he has grieved for you as one dead?"

"I am dead to him and to all who knew me in the past," she said, almost hoarsely. "Why do you follow me? Go, and leave me in peace!"

He turned pale and bit his lip.

"Yes, I have followed you," he said; "and I cannot leave you, not yet, until I have said what I have to say. Miss Knighton——"

"Call me Mabel Howard, Lord Coverdale."

"I will call you what you please," he said, flushing with sympathetic pain at the anguish in her voice. "Any name you bear will be an honored one to me!"

She moved her hand with a gesture of bitter self-abasement.

"Honored?"

"Yes, honored!" he repeated in an emphatic tone. "Miss Howard—for I will call you so if you wish me—you have no pity for yourself, but have you none for me?"

"For you?" dropped from her set lips.

"For me!" he repeated. "The most wretched and miserable man in England can lay claim to even your pity."

She looked at him as he waited for his words to produce their full effect, then turned her eyes with to the ground.

"Consider my position," he went on with forced calmness. "I was once a homeless wanderer,—I am now the master of a large estate and an enormous property, which should belong rightfully to—not another man, but—think of it!—to a woman. I reign in the great house where she was mistress,—where she should be mistress still. Not a picture, or a book, but reminds—calls out to me in a voice of scorn—You are a usurper! All this should belong to her, and while you luxuriate here, she may be wandering alone and helpless through the wide world! That is what Knighton Revels and all it contains says to me night and day, Miss——Howard! I hear it in the rustle of the leaves upon the trees, the dogs seem to bark it at me, the very winds wail it! I feel as if I had turned you out,—I, who would have given my right hand to keep you there mistress still!"

He paused to gain breath, and Iris sat as if turned to stone; but every word he said struck upon her heart and rang there like a coin flung upon a sheet of metal.

"You say that you are dead to the past——"

"Dead—Dead!" she murmured.

"But you cannot expect me to be!" he said quickly, solemnly. "Have you forgotten the first day we met?"

A tremor passed through her and her hands tightened in their clasp.

Had she forgotten?

Was there an hour of the day, a sleepless hour of the night, that she did not remember and recall it, hearing every word, reacting every incident.

"If you have forgotten,—do you think I forget?" he went on. "That day you came into my life as something new and precious and sacred. You saved my life, and took it at one and the same time. If I had dared I would have told you so then; but I was poor, and I thought you were rich—as you were—and I kept the words back. I kept them back when we met by the brook that second time,—kept them back though they leapt to my lips and almost cried aloud. Iris, I loved you as you rode into the field that morning: my love grew hour by hour, until it became an absorbing passion. I could not leave the spot where I had met you, and in my innermost heart I cherished the wild hope that some day that fate, chance, might place it in my power to be able to tell you of that love!"

Her heart was aching with mingled agony and bliss, but she kept her face set, as if it were carved stone.

"You were a goddess to me, something,—a star,—to which I could look up, but scarcely dare to attain to. I dared not even find out your name,—for had you not forbidden me?—but I cherished my love, hopeless as it seemed, and when they brought me the news that I was the heir to Knighton and its wealth, the only joy it brought me was the thought that now—now I could throw myself at your feet and tell you how dearly I loved you—how I loved you!"

His voice thrilled through her; she could feel his breath upon her cheeks, his passionate eyes sinking into her soul; but still she sat apparently unmoved.

"With this thought I went to the Revels, to the wealth that had fallen to me. I knew nothing of the poor girl, the Miss Knighton, who had lost it, but what you had told me——Ah, why did you deceive me?—and then suddenly, so suddenly that it fell like a thunder bolt, I discovered that I had thrust from her home and her place the very woman I loved, the woman I would have died for!"

He stopped, and she saw the hand that almost touched her arm tremble.

"Can you not imagine what I felt, the anguish and misery the knowledge brought me? Ah, yes! you can imagine it, but you cannot realise it, for you cannot gauge the depth of my love for you!"

Iris breathed hard, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"They told me your story—do not shrink, Iris! I swore that when I found you I would speak plainly, openly: that there should be no concealment. I lay my heart bare before you. They told me your sad story, and it added to my misery. You were a wanderer and an outcast, while I reigned in your place. Did you expect me to remain quiescent, to accept the bitter fact, and make no effort to find you? You did not expect that?

"I hoped it!" she breathed painfully.

"The meanest cur on God's earth could not be so base!" he exclaimed passionately. "I tried to find you, I took steps before I knew that the Iris Knighton who had flown and whose place I had taken was the woman I had loved. Since the knowledge came to me I have known no rest of body or soul. I had sworn to myself that I would know no rest until I found you, and"——he drew a long breath—"I have found you!"

His voice filled with so grateful a joy, so deep a thankfulness, that Iris's heart throbbed under it.

"I have found you, Iris, I have found the—girl who saved my life, who stole my heart; I care not what she is called, I care nothing for the past! All I care for is to win her love, and I ask for it now, and——" he stretched out his hands with a gesture of simple manly dignity and imploration.

Iris could not speak. An intense longing to resign herself to those loving arms, to fly to the haven offered her took possession of her, but she conquered it.

If she had not loved him, it would have been easy to have turned, murmured, "Yes," and ended the tragedy of her life; but—she loved him, and with the prophetic eye of a loving woman, too noble to be blinded by passion, she looked into the future.

Was she to drag him down to her level? He was noble by birth; she was stained and enriched by shame, nameless, and a thing for the world to scorn and condemn! Could she consent to stand by his side, and hear the world, whose merciless cruelty she knew so well, whisper—"That is Lord Coverdale's wife, you know the story! Her mother——"

Could she go back to the Revels? She who had been the honored mistress, and live to read in every face the story of her shame!

It all flashed upon her as if illumined by Heaven's lightning, and she knew that though it cost her her life she must refuse. For his sake, for his, to save him from degradation she must still her heart, and harden her words.

"Well?" he said, devouring her face anxiously, longing to see some sign, however slight, that might give him hope. "Will you be my wife, Iris?"

She raised her eyes, and met his gaze steadily, staunchly.

"No, Lord Coverdale," she breathed faintly.

"No!" he echoed hoarsely, and she saw him wince. "Oh, Iris; oh, my dearest! think—pause! For Heaven's sake, don't let any shadow and fancied scrupie come between us! I am pleading for my life's happiness. Iris, dearest, you hold my life in your hands! If you knew how wretched I have been: how deep a misery your loss has cost me; if you knew how I loved you! Dearest, there is no woman in all the world loved as I love you! Do not be cruel—merciless! Iris, be my wife!"

He laid his hand upon her arm in his passionate entreaty, and held her so tightly that he hurt her with a pain that was an ecstacy of bliss.

"See, Iris," he breathed; "I can read all that is passing in your mind! It is of me you are thinking? Is it—oh, I hate to say it!—is it because you think the past should come between us? If so, throw the thought from you! It is I who am not worthy of you, my pure, stainless lily!"

Iris started and winced. The word recalled the fair woman she had seen an hour ago, the woman whose name they had linked with his.

But for her—Iris—he would in all probability marry this Lilly; one worthy of, and fitted for him. In time he would forget this baleful love of his for her, and shudder at the abyss from which she had saved him; and she would save him, in spite of himself.

"Speak to me, dearest!" he implored. "Say, 'Heron, I will be your wife!' Do not fear Iris, I will make you happy! We will leave England! In a new world——" he stopped suddenly, as if smitten by a great dread, and his grasp of her arm tightened. "Iris," he said, and his voice was full of this dread; "did you say 'no' because—" he paused, then forced himself to go on—"because you do not love me, and cannot give me any hope? Is that the reason?

Silence fell upon them. Paul's voice could be heard singing behind the trees; the roll and rattle of the carriages came from the distant street.

Iris could almost fancy she could hear the quick, sharp throbs of her aching heart.

"Is that the reason?" he demanded fearfully. "Have I counted too much on the hope of your loving me? Oh, Iris, answer me!"

Then she forced herself to speak the lie that was to save him.

"I—do not love you!" she said in a cold, set voice.

She saw him shrink back as if she had struck him, and she could have cried aloud in her anguish.

His hand fell from her arm, and he sat staring before him for a moment in silence. Then he raised his head.

"Forgive me," he said, and his voice sounded harsh and broken. "Ah, forgive me! In my great love for you I had taught myself to hope that—— Heaven! he broke off, "what a mean hound you must have thought me! All this time I must have seemed as if I were taking advantage of your helplessness!" and he put his hand up to his brow.

Iris turned with a cry upon her lips, but she forced it back. Better that he should suffer now for this short space, than she should by a murmur of tenderness condemn him to a life-long misery and degradation.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he said with a start, as if awakening from a stupor. "Will you give me a moment?"

He rose, paced up and down with bent head and ashen face, wrestling with the effects of the blow she had dealt him, then he came and sat down again.

"Miss Knighton—Miss Howard," he said slowly, as if he were trying to speak calmly and dispassionately, "I have been a vain fool! The depth of my love for you had, somehow,—Heaven knows how!—deluded me into thinking that I might—might win your love! I—I thank you for speaking so plainly. Your voice, more than your words, has told me that there is no hope for me! No hope!" He sighed. "Well!"—and he drew a long sigh as a man might do who had received a burden upon his shoulders almost too heavy for him to bear—"well, I am not the first man who has had to suffer in a like fashion, and,"—he forced a wan smile,—"and I must do the best I can. That is enough about myself," and he moved his hand as if he had put himself and his suffering behind him. "You will listen while I speak of yourself?"

Iris remained silent. His words fell almost meaningless on her ears, for she was repeating to herself, in dull, rapt reiteration,—

"Dearest, I love you, be my wife!"

"What I wish to be to you I—I cannot be: that is past," he went on; "but I can still be your friend. It is as your friend that I speak now. You will not deny me that poor consolation?"

The lips formed the word "No," but she could not speak.

"Let me think that it was as your friend I sought you," he continued, "and now that I have found you, let me tell you what,—still as your friend,—I would have you do. Iris—will you let me call you so? I have called you by the name since I learnt that it was yours——"

There was something piteous in the request so simply put, and Iris made a gesture of assent.

"Thanks, Iris. You will need all your patience, for I am going to say that which you will dislike. Iris, you must take back the Revels——"

She shook her head.

He laughed grimly.

"Do you think that I could keep the place, the money that should be yours, that is yours by right? If you could have consented to share it—" he stopped and bit his lip—"think for a moment! Put yourself in my place! If you stood as I stand could you endure to remain the mistress if they belonged to me, and I were wandering helpless and penniless about the world."

"I am not helpless, or penniless," she said, in a low voice.

He looked at her keenly, then broke out bitterly, passionately.

"What friends have you, what help? Have I not seen you with my eyes this afternoon singing for gain? You who ought to have reigned the belle, the queen of the mob that applauded you, as if they had paid for the right to do so!"

"I was paid for it," she said quietly.

He crushed back the oath that rose to his lips.

"For Heaven's sake don't put more upon me than I can bear!" he cried. "Do you

think I cannot read the story of your life since the night you fled? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as not to know that you are trying to earn your bread,—you!—while I—I— usurp your place? Iris, if your heart is not made of stone, you will grant me this, at least—you will take the burden of this wealth of which I have robbed you, and which is a curse to me! You have no right to make me suffer more than the loss of your love!" and his voice broke.

Iris turned her face to him as he sat with his head bowed, her hands clenched.

"Lord Coverdale," she murmured, and her voice, though firm and resolute, was soft and gentle; "it is not I who make you suffer. You have not robbed me. The Revels was never mine—I have no shadow of right to it! Even in the past, I was the usurper, and while I thought I was the mistress, I was but an impostor and a fraud!"

"For Heaven's sake!" he breathed.

"Listen!" she went on in a low voice, her hands linked together tightly. "You would have me forget that I am—what I am! I cannot! If my life depended upon my accepting one shilling of the wealth that is yours, yours by right!—that never was mine, and never should be mine!—I would rather die than take it!"

The words were emphatic, but the voice, the expression of unfaltering determination, rendered them insurmountable.

He drew a long sigh.

"Then neither will I touch one shilling or own one rood!" he said sternly.

"Hush!" she said, and she touched his arm. "You have said that you are my—friend."

"If you would but let me be," he retorted with a groan.

"Then, my friend," she said, and she gave to this word a sweetness that touched and tortured his heart, "let me speak to you as I would to my brother. You wish to do something for me—to—help me ——"

"Yes!" he said. "And you will not have it so! Iris, when I leave you to-night I go down to the Revels for the last time. The place shall be closed, every penny of the money that is a curse to me shall be set aside—I will never set foot in the place again, nor touch a penny——"

"Hush! Hush!" she murmured, the tears filling her eyes. "I am going to ask you to do something for me—a great thing! A thing hard to do! But you will do it! Yes, I know that you will do it! Heron—" the name passed her lips unwittingly, and he started and turned to her; she forced her face into stone and went on—"Lord Heron—my brother—though the past is gone from us for ever I cannot forget it. I cannot forget the dear old place, every inch of which is made sacred to me by memories of the days when I played, a happy child, beside him who—who is now in his grave ——"

He groaned, and made a gesture of entreaty.

"Bear with me, my friend!" she went on. "You say that you will shut the old place up, and leave it to destruction and decay! Ah! I could not bear to think of that! Don't do that! I ask it as a favor! I love the Revels, Lord Coverdale, and"—she paused—"I am proud of it still, though I shall never see it again! Never again, I hope! Don't let it be left to ruin and decay! Go and live there among the people, your people, and let me, who have left it for ever, think it smiling and prosperous as I remember it, as I recall it in my dreams! This is what I ask of you. Will you refuse me?"

His lips trembled.

"You ask too much of me!" he said hoarsely. "To live there, where every inanimate and living object reminds me of you, Iris!"

"I ask it of you!" she said firmly. "It is your duty! It is not your fault that Fate has thrust me out and put you in my place! If I had been left mistress there I would have done my duty by the dear old place—do yours! Go there and live the life that befits one who bears an old and honored name, stainless and without reproach."

"And you?" he demanded, almost inaudibly.

"I?" she said, looking vacantly before her. "I, too, will do my duty. I am a waif and stray in the great city——"

"By Heaven!" he broke in, with anguishing impatience.

"Fate has dealt hardly with me, but I shall play my role as best I can. Our paths lie widely apart, Lord Coverdale. Don't pity me too much—don't think of me—" her voice almost broke—"forget me, or if you remember me, recall me as one who crossed your path for a moment, and was then lost in the crowd!"

"Forget you!" he cried, his endurance broken down. "You know that I cannot. You know that you are as my very life, Iris!"

"Hush!" she murmured; "my little friend is coming. Go now, please, Lord Coverdale. I know that you will do what I ask. As for me, rest assured that I can carry the burden Fate has laid upon me."

"And this is to be the end?" he said, his face ashen white.

"Yes, it is the end," she said, and her lips quivered. "Good-bye—friend!" and she held out her hand.

What could he do? He was worn out by passion and suffering, by a mental and spiritual anguish few men are called upon to endure.

If he had loved her less he might have put her request aside, have stubbornly insisted upon following her, have done half a hundred things, adopted fifty common sense courses; but he loved her dearly, and every word of hers was sacred to him.

She had sent him away, and he must go; she had said that she did not love him, and that their paths lay wide apart, and he could not follow her!

He took her hand, his eyes fixed upon her face thirstily, devouring its beauty, engraving upon his heart the lovely, tear-dimmed eyes, the soft black hair, the tremulous lips.

"Oh, Iris, my dearest! my love!" he murmured.

"Hush, hush!" she breathed. "Go now, please."

He pressed her hand to his lips, then letting it go slowly, reluctantly, as if he were parting with dear life, turned and walked away, as one who dares not look back, lest he should lose his grasp of honor and manhood.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN this weary world experiences a new sensation, and finds something to amuse it, and arouse it from its lethargy, it does not fail to mention it.

There was a notice of the Duchess of Rosedale's "At Home" in the next day's "Morning Post," and Iris's success was duly announced.

"Miss Mabel Howard's voice is not only a very beautiful one, but she uses it with all the grace and air of an instinctively refined lady and born musician. Miss Howard evoked a profound sensation in her grace's crowded room, and we are very much mistaken if Miss Howard is not heard to even greater advantage than she was yesterday. It may be added that this young lady is possessed of great physical advantages, and adds to the fascination of her voice a beautiful presence and charming manner."

Paul had limped out before breakfast, and bought the paper, and he read it out to Iris, as she sat in the big chair, with triumphant declamation.

"You see, Mabel!" he exclaimed; "you see what they say! It is a splendid notice! Splendid! I was quite right, wasn't I? Oh, you can't tell how proud I feel."

Iris looked up at him with a smile. She was pale and languid, for she had slept very little, and the reaction of the excitement and the scene with Lord Heron had set in.

"Does it say nothing about you, Paul?" she asked, to divert his attention from herself.

"Oh, me? Yes, it says that I played very well, and that the song you sang was composed by me. And it adds that *I* have a great future before me. But it is you, Mabel, that it praises so, and no wonder! What will Mr. Stapleson say, Mabel? They will want you to sing again directly. But you must ask more than five pounds! You must leave it to me."

"I don't know that I shall sing again in public now, Paul," said Iris gravely, as the remembrance of all she had suffered yesterday came over her; the dread of recognition, the distaste for the large crowd that swarmed and buzzed round her.

The boy's face fell, then he said very gently—

"Well, I won't say any more, Mabel, dear. Perhaps"—he paused—"perhaps you won't be able to help yourself. I've read somewhere that when one has a voice like yours, or any great gift, that Fate compels them to use it."

It was such a shrewd speech coming from one so young and apparently inexperienced that Iris stared at him in surprise.

"At any rate, Paul," she said gently, "we need not talk about it for a day or two. We are rich for the present, are we not?" and she held out the five pound note with a smile.

But it was not of her great and phenomenal success that she was thinking, but of Lord Heron.

She had parted with him now for the last time, indeed!

He would go down to Knighton and live there the master of the old place, and gradually he would learn to forget her, or if not quite forget her, look upon her as one who has passed out of his life.

In time he would marry someone else, that beautiful girl, Lady Lilian Foyle, most like, and he would be happy, while she

---

Well, it was not very plain what would become of her, Iris. She must earn her living in some way or other, and, at any rate, she would not be friendless while she had devoted and gentle-hearted Paul by her side.

And, perhaps, when she was a very old woman,—if she should be unfortunate enough to live to be old,—she would meet Lord Heron and his wife; and see the old place; but, no, she could not bear that, though she lived to be a hundred!

To get rid of herself and the mournful thoughts that possessed her, she put on her outdoor things and went out with Paul, who was going to the Lyric for rehearsal.

Carrying his violin case—for Paul had given up remonstrating with her on that score—and his small thin hand upon her arm, she passed through the streets, her veil lowered, scarcely listening to Paul, who, always happy when she was out with him, chattered like a little magpie.

Presently they came to the corner of the street in which the Pyric stood, and Iris stopped.

"You are going to turn back, Mabel?" he said. "You'll go straight home, won't you? or keep to the big streets anyway," he added anxiously, as if she were a child who had been left to his charge. "I'm always afraid of your getting into another crowd like that one when you lost your bag."

"I'll go straight home, Paul," she was replying with an absent smile, and wincing a little, for she had not yet got over her loss, when Mr. Stapleson, coming out of a restaurant, nearly ran against them.

"Ah, Miss Howard!" he exclaimed; "good morning! I was just coming to call on you! Good morning, Paul. So you both scored yesterday afternoon, eh? Hit 'em hard, eh? Excuse my slang, Miss Howard. I congratulate you. Were you coming down to the Lyric to see me?" he added, looking from one to the other keenly.

"No," said Iris; "I was simply keeping Paul company a part of the way, and am going back now."

Mr. Stapleson's face fell—he had looked rather satisfied and complacent.

"Really?"

"Really," said Iris smiling a little at his incredulity.

"Ah, well I beg your pardon!" he said. "I thought you were playing cat and mouse."

"Cat and mouse?" echoed Iris mystified.

He nodded.

"Yes. You don't understand what I mean? Well, I thought that, knowing I meant business, you were standing off a bit, you know!"

"I don't know in the least," said Iris, more mystified than ever.

"Never mind!" he said pleasantly. "You will understand me better when you know more of me. I don't mind telling you, Miss Howard—it's in complete confidence, mind—that I'm not half such a bad fellow as the world makes me!"

Iris looked at him attentively, and unconsciously walked on with Paul and him towards the theatre.

"No! People think I'm making a big fortune, and that I'm a regular skinflint; but it isn't true! I lose more money than people think, and as to salaries—look here, Miss Howard—I give you my word that when I meet with a man or a woman that can play and sing, I pay them like princes."

"That is very true," quickly murmured Paul.

"Yes," said Mr. Stapleson, nodding emphatically; "it is the duffers who can't play and sing—but who think they can—that complain. Ah," he went on, "here we are at the theatre. Now you come in and see a rehearsal; it won't take long, and you'll have Paul to walk back with then."

"Yes, do come, Mabel!" murmured poor Paul.

With an instinctive reluctance Iris stopped short, but Paul's fingers closed tightly on her arm, and she followed the manager into the lobby.

Only a few lights were burning, and it was so dark that she clung to Paul's arm as the manager led the way into the theatre.

"Take a seat in the stalls," said Mr. Stapleson, and Iris sat down and looked round her with a strange feeling.

The huge place, that in a few hours would be brilliant with light and an expectant crowd, was silent and gloomy, the seats swathed in brown holland, the only light supplied by a flaring burner, in the shape of the letter T, in front of the stage.

It was so silent and solemn that she felt almost nervous; and when Paul—saying, "I must go to my place, Iris; we shan't be long, I expect; and I think you'll be amused"—limped away to the orchestra, her heart sank, and she wished she had not come.

The drama and all connected with it has become so popular of late that the outside world is tolerably well acquainted with the inner life of the theatre, but Iris had never been inside one excepting at night and during a performance and the bare stage, with its dusty, grimy scenery, the stage carpenters, and old deal table and chair, impressed her curiously.

There were only a few of the band in the orchestra, and as they tuned their instruments, Mr. Stapleson came forward to the front of the stage and called out,—

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen; time's up, time's up!"

Another person, with a thick comforter round his neck—he was the author—took out his watch and began to look nervous and impatient.

Several ladies and gentlemen in ordinary walking attire came in from the wings at the side of the stage, all talking, and some laughing.

They had books and music sheets in their hands, and Iris thought she recognized some of them as actors and actresses she had seen at the Lyric and elsewhere.

Mr. Stapleson looked over them as a shepherd looks over his sheep.

"All here?" he said. "No; where is Miss Alfreda?"

There was no answer. The manager tipped his hat on to the back of his head impatiently.

"Late, I suppose! Confound it! Never mind, let us get on with the first scene up to the part where she comes in; she'll be here directly, I expect. Now then!"

The band commenced playing, and about twenty or thirty persons at the back of the stage struck up the chorus.

"Oh, lor!" exclaimed Mr. Stapleson. "Is this a funeral? It says 'a drinking chorus' in the book, but I'm blessed if this isn't more like a cemetery march! Sing it quicker and put some spirit into it. Sing it as if you were drinking!"

"I wish we were," muttered one of the men, just loud enough to be heard.

"I daresay you do," retorted Mr. Stapleson drily. "I've never known you wish anything else. Now then, please!"

They repeated the chorus, and a little brisker this time, and Mr. Stapleson nodded.

"It can stand going a bit faster yet," he said. "Now then, 'enter Alfonso.' Where is Alfonso?"

A gentleman in an ulster with the collar turned up—the stage was rather draughty—stepped forward, and clutching his umbrella in one hand and a sheet of music in the other, remarked, in the tone he would have used if he had been ordering a mutton chop for his lunch:

"The night approaches, and all is dark and drear; yet would my heart beat gladly if she were near!"

Then he burst into a song, singing something about the way of life and the path of love, and singing it in the most indolent, devil-may-care fashion.

It was very strange to Iris. She recognized the man by this time as one of the most popular actors, and knew that he would, on the night of the performance, be all that was fascinating in some brilliant costume.

But it was very singular indeed to see him dolorously gesticulating with his umbrella, and sinking from behind the ulster collar.

Then a young lady came forward, and the two indulged in a dialogue, exactly as if they were talking about the weather, and presently broke out into a duet.

By this time Mr. Stapleson was getting anxious, for no Miss Alfreda had put in an appearance.

"We must go on!" he said irritably. "Cut out her part and get on with the rest. She'll be here directly, I daresay."

The rehearsal proceeded, but it soon became apparent that it could not go on to its close without the missing lady.

Mr. Stapleson stamped up and down the stage, swearing under his breath; the author threw himself into a chair and clutched his hands; the actors and actresses exchanged glances, and muttered audible complaints of Miss Alfreda, the manager, the author, and each other.

When the confusion and general ill-temper were at its height, the call-boy ran on to the stage with a note, which Mr. Stapleson took, and tore it open as a lion rends a lamb.

Then he uttered a yell of rage and impatience.

"Yah! Look here! Just what I expected!—'Miss Alfreda's compliments and her throat is too bad to attend rehearsal'!"

There was immediate and profound silence.

The author groaned.

"We'd better all go home," said the tenor beginning to roll up his music resignedly.

"Yes!" shouted Mr. Stapleson. "Yes, that is the only thing you can do! But I tell you what," and he clenched his fist and shook it at no one in particular; "you can stop there! I won't be badgered and baited like this any longer! I won't produce the opera at all; I'll shut the theatre! I'd sooner never open it again than endure this treatment! Here am I risking a fortune, and slaving night and day, and I'm to submit to the whims and foolishness of a girl that I've treated like one of my own children! No! I'll shut the theatre, and—and go and take a farm!"

The climax, uttered in the wildest of voices, produced a roar of laughter. Mr. Stapleson in a farm was a little too absurd, even at such a moment as the present.

"You think I don't mean it!" he said, actually pale with anger. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the usual notice! The treasurer will pay your salaries, and—the Lyric is closed! Good morning!" and he dashed his hat on his forehead and stalked towards the wings.

They laughed no longer. Instead they exchanged glances of dismay and horror. The tenor hurried forward and caught the retreating manager's arm.

"Can't something be done, Mr. Stapleson?" he said. "Miss Alfreda will turn up to-morrow, no doubt——"

"I don't risk it!" he retorted.

"And—and all will be right," said the tenor. "Look here; can't someone read and sing her part this morning? That will tide us over this rehearsal."

Mr. Stapleson turned upon him with a scornful grin.

"Sing her part? What, from sight? Is there one of them that can do it? No! We can't do without her, and she knows it, and takes advantage of it; but this is the last time! I'm sick of it!"

There had often been similar scenes at the Lyric—they are not uncommon at most theatres—but this was a more serious "row" than usual, and the group on the stage looked glum and anxious.

"It's what I say," said Mr. Stapleson. "There isn't a lady here amongst you who can take up Alfreda's music and sing it from sight, and yet none of you would think twice about giving yourselves airs, and wearing the life out of me! No, I shall close the theatre at the end of the present piece, and then—well, then you can go and harass another manager; and I hope, for your sakes, he'll be half as good-tempered a fool as I am!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLAYING cards now so common which were invented at the close of the fourteenth century, were originally very different from those in use at present. In shape they were square, and instead of suits of spades, clubs, hearts and diamonds their marks were rabbits, pinks, roses and flowers of columbina. The figure cards were very prettily devised, a queen riding on horseback with a rabbit beside her marked the queen of rabbits or of clubs. A rustic-looking man, grotesquely dressed and standing in a strange attitude, with a pink beside him, signified the knave of pinks, or diamonds.

CONSTANCY.

BY RITA.

Though death my being's light eclipse,
The dark will hold no pain,
For since your lips have sought my lips
I have not lived in vain.

And, though the flow'rs of Spring should scroll
My fate upon the sod,
I shall have offered with my soul
Your kisses unto God.

Old Turcan's Wife.

BY J. LANDERS.

CHAPTER III.

HE was just in time. He saw old Turcan coming across the sand.

The two men confronted each other.

"I have come to see if the letters are ready for me. The next trip will be the last."

"Ay," replied old Turcan, "I see the boat has got off safe."

"The seas are very, very heavy, sir. It is a very good thing nothing has gone wrong."

"I have faced worse. I am not afraid of them," answered the old man quite cheerily.

"Nor I," said Hill. "Give me the letters, sir, and the stones, and I will get ready to go off."

"No, Hill, I will take them off myself."

"You?"

"Yes."

The perspiration broke out on Hill's forehead in great drops.

"I have always done so," he said very earnestly.

"I know, but this time I shall do it."

Then, noticing the look on Hill's face, he said:

"My dear lad, don't think I don't trust you. No, no, it's not that. It's a letter to your sister Nell, my lad. I have written one, I will take it on board myself. I could not let any one else take it, it would seem unlucky."

An oath nearly escaped from Hill's lips.

"Let me go," he said. "It is too dangerous for you. You must think if anything were to happen to you. You must think of that now."

"On such a job I don't think I shall be in danger," returned old Turcan confidently. "Hark ye, my share of the stones is for her, and it's like taking it to her."

Hill's eyes sparkled with anger.

"Have you told her so?"

"Yes."

Hill stepped back a pace.

"Have you the stones upon you?" he asked.

"Yes, all safely stowed. I'll give them into the captain's charge addressed to our people, Bronson, Johns & Co. I have told them to have the stones valued and to sell them at best price. Here," and he drew from his breast-pocket a tiny package wrapped round with cloth, with the edges sewn together and sealed over.

Hill's gaze fastened on it, the gaze of a man who meant murder, and old Turcan put the package away in his pocket.

"Are the letters in your pocket too, sir?"

"Yes, they are wrapped in a piece of oil-cloth."

"You have sent the order direct to—Nell?"

"Yes."

At one end of the big table the usual late breakfast had been laid by the house-boys.

"You had better have some breakfast at any rate, sir, before you go," said Hill, turning toward the table.

"I am too happy to eat this morning, my lad," answered old Turcan. "Look at my luck—at this ivory, those stones you think so much of, and of what I think so much of, my wife that is to be—your sister;" and he laid his hands on Hill's shoulders and turned him towards him. "And it's to you I owe her. I'll not forget you, my lad."

For his life, with that bottle of morphia in his pocket, Hill could not reply as old Turcan took his hand and wrung it.

"I will have a cup of coffee," he said. "Tell one of the boys to bring it here to me."

He turned and went into his room to don oilskins for the the wet passage to the steamer.

Something shook Hill's nerve for a moment, but the necessity for action roused him. He clapped his damp hands to summon the boys.

Two imps came, the one bringing the coffee, the other carrying two large breakfast-cups. He signed to them to put the cups and the coffee on the table and be off.

The boys took themselves out of the room. He poured out with shaking hand nearly a cupful of the strong black coffee.

He turned, and through the open door caught sight of old Turcan, with his back towards him, feeling in his pocket to make sure all was right there.

Quick as thought he whipped the vial of morphia from his pocket, and drawing the cork with his teeth, dashed as much as he guessed was half a wineglassful into the cup of coffee.

He thrust the bottle back into his pocket, and added to the coffee from a decanter which stood on the table a glass of cognac, which old Turcan usually took with the coffee.

He trusted to the cognac to disguise the drug, and to the drug to overpower the old man before he could get down to the beach.

He filled up the other cup with coffee, and as he did so old Turcan came out of his room. In spite of his command of himself, Hill's hand shook terribly as he handed the cup of coffee to the old man.

To his infinite relief old Turcan asked him to go out to the edge of the cliff to see if the boat was anywhere near the shore.

Hill stopped to drink his coffee, and he heard—for he dared not look—he heard the old man swallow his cupful. Then Hill got out of the factory.

He hid himself behind one of the huts in the yard. He looked, and listened, and looked, but he did not see old Turcan leave the factory.

All was quiet too. The bushmen were lying about in front of the huts on the opposite side of the yard, the servants were moving about in the galley. The report of a gun from the steamer roused him to action. He re-entered the house. Old Turcan was not there.

What had become of him? Had he reached the beach, after all?

Hill left the house and got across the yard as quietly and as swiftly as he could without attracting the notice of the men. He made his way to the shore, looking about him.

The descent was by a rough footpath cut out of one side of the cliff. It was very steep, with sharp turnings at two places between high rocks to bring it round to face the sea. In the first of these Hill found the old man lying.

Stupefied, unable to fight against the increasing power of the drug, he had staggered slower and slower downward, had slipped at last and fallen, sliding swiftly down the path until he came to the turning, where his head had struck with force against the rock.

Hill turned him on his back. He was deadly white and scarcely breathed. His stomach had rejected some of the poison.

Without considering whether he would live or die now, Hill tore open his oilskin and coat and thrust both hands into both breast-pockets and at once found in one the packet of letters and the little package of stones.

Quick as thought Hill looked the letters over. One was open to receive the bill of lading for the ivory, another was the letter written by Hill to his wife, and in it Hill saw the order for the thousand dollars. The third was the old sailor's love-letter addressed to Mrs. Thorburn.

Hill put all into his pocket. He turned and made for the beach.

The roar of the surf sounded louder and louder as he descended, but the sound was as music in his ears.

He heeded not the look and weight of the curling, thundering breakers, plain before him at the last turn in the descent. All his thoughts were fixed on the rolling steamer far off.

A few minutes later the watchman from his look-out on the top of the cliff saw the solitary white man run across the beach as if some one pursued him, and he wondered at his haste.

From the white man he looked across the waters to the steamer, and as he looked he saw seven long lines of breakers whiten across the bay, without a break where a boat might venture to pass, and before the last of them fell as many more took their places.

He looked back on the dot of the boat on the foam-edged beach; and saw her crew gathered about her.

"Ah, the little master will never leave the shore," thought he.

Next he saw the little master among the boat-boys.

"Ah! they are showing him the danger, they will not go."

He can see the big Zouave, the patrao of the boat, moving among the men and waving the little master back with one hand, while with the other he points towards the rolling ship and the big waves.

"Ha! Zouave is wise. All the teeth are safe, what need to go on board the fire boat?"

But he saw the little master prove too strong for Zouave, for the big patrao turned towards the boat, and his crew crowded past him and laid hold of her sides. The watchman fancied he heard their shout in the air.

"There will be plenty dashes (presents) of cloth, of rum, of gin, to each man of them," thought he, and for a moment wished he was one of the crew.

But no, for in the next moment he looked seaward, over the great angry surf. They have the boat on the water. Some of the boys with the man on the beach are waist deep, holding her steadily with straining arms, bow on.

The watchman sees Zouave carry the little master out in his arms, and he clambers into the stern-sheets of the boat. The crew jump on board, the long oars are thrust out, and Zouave, standing erect at the stern, with his feet jammed against the converging sides of the boat, keeps her head straight with a long steering oar.

Then the heavy oars flash through the water, and the boat moves clear of the shore.

Swish! as a breaker stops her, sending the white water over all. It is nothing, and on she goes, lifting her pointed stern as she leaps downwards, downwards.

She rises again, she is fairly under weigh, facing the heavier seas as they hurl themselves at her.

See! how often she is thrown almost into the air, then is buried deep in the white smother, from which she lifts herself inch by inch again, the boys straining at the oars with all their strength.

She has yet to face the worst of the surf on the bar, where the seven seas pile themselves one upon the other, rushing in belts of foam away for miles.

By-and-by she is well out and the watchman never takes his eyes off her as she nears the bar, whose waves, though they look no more than so much foam from where he is, he knows are moving mountains of fast breaking water.

She springs the first, another comes rushing on her. For a moment he sees it towering over her bow. She lifts, lifts to it.

Another comes; she swerves at it. Zouave fails to keep her straight, and in an instant she capsizes, the broken water pouring over her, and every man lost to sight. Another sea sends her rolling over and over. She is gone!

The watchman stands aghast; then, with a cry and a leap comes tumbling down from the look-out.

He lights on his feet, and runs towards the factory to tell the big master what has happened.

"Zouave, his crew, and the little master lost out on the bar!"

As he runs, he shouts to the men in the huts, and to the servants in the galley, and they, knowing something wrong, rise and haste after him, and arrive on the verandah as he enters the house.

He knocks at the door of the big master's room, while all peer in at the outer doorway.

Again the watchman knocks, and again there is no response. The big master sleeps, but he must be awakened.

Antonio Bowman, hurrying up at the moment, thrusts the watchman aside and knocks loudly with his staff.

At this point loud cries come from the direction of the gate of the yard, a cluster of men enter through it, some run forward, others move slowly with some half-dozen who carry a heavy burden.

This Antonio perceives through a window, and wonders at the cries of the men, not believing what they shout—"that the big master is killed, is indeed!"

He catches sight of the white figure carried by the men, and he rushes out of the house.

He passes through the crowd and sees the big master dead, as he believes. He stops the men and learns them how and where the big master was found.

He beats his breast and cries aloud. But the master still breathes, there is life in him yet, and he has him carried into the house and laid on his bed.

His wound is not deep, but, strange, he cannot be made to hear or speak. The men press into the room, and Bowman drives them out with his staff, laying about with it, and sends for his wives to come and attend the big master.

They come, running to the house, three in number, and all young women. They enter the room softly on their bare feet, and throwing their long white cloths free of their arms, draw off the white man's outer clothing and his boots, and chafe his hands and feet with their soft palms, and wipe away the blood, and damp his head and neck with water.

They are silent, save for the soft clink of the many brass-wire bangles and anklets on their shapely bare arms and ankles.

While the women do this the men troop to the edge of the cliff to try if they can catch sight of the capsized boat. Some get down to the beach again and scatter along it.

At last the boat is spied, lying wedged among the rocks, wrecked and broken, with the seas pouring over her, but no living being or dead body is by her.

The men continue to look at her, until a puff of smoke bursts from the side of the steamer, and the report of her gun comes again over the booming of the surf. The steamer's signals go up, but are unheeded, and she dare not send her ship's boats through such a sea.

After a long wait she fires another gun, and she can stay no longer. The natives see her steam quickly away, and they think the factory is theirs to do what they like with for a month or more.

So they return to it, the worst of them the most eager, but only to find that Antonio has sent for the king of the native town.

After two hours, during which the white man stirs not but still breathes, the king arrives with a score or so of followers, armed with muskets and machete, who, with great clatter and no little curiosity, take possession of the big house of the white man. The king takes his seat in the white man's chair.

The king is encased in a faded scarlet military tunic, the tarnished brass buttons of which are nearly parting from the cloth.

The gaping edges show his black skin. From under the skirt of the tunic hangs his loin-cloth of blue and white check cotton cloth, leaving his bare legs and feet free.

A tall and battered black hat is perched on his wiry wool, which refuses to allow the hat to come over his head, so that an attendant behind has to jerk forward and prop the hat up when it falls too much one way or other.

The king has huge rings of metal in his ears and on his wrists, and in his right hand he carries a rod tipped with a silver crucifix, with the figure of the Saviour upon it, the gift of Portuguese missionaries long ago.

The king lets it be known that if there is to be plunder he will have the direction of it, whereby he means the chief share of it, and in the meantime he forbids anything to be touched until the morning, when he shall be sure if the big master be alive or dead, and shall not be accountable for losses or for misdeeds done.

But he cannot prevent even his own men from picking up trifles in the rooms when a chance offers.

Antonio Bowman maintains that the big master will recover; but none of the men give help. They leave it to the women to do so, and squat about on the floor and verandah to wait events and a probable sweet opportunity.

The bushmen of the cabooks surround them, and are uneasy about the payment of their books for the value of their ivory.

The king opens with his own royal hand a case of gin which he has spied out, and he and his men help themselves, and the men in the crowd outside clamor for a share.

None think for a moment of the white man.

It is now far on in the day, and still old Turcan lies insensible, but breathing. The sun goes down on the calamms, and darkness sets in, and lamps are lit and brought into the rooms, and in their light the negroes steal about, less watchful since the king has become muddled with gin, and nods in the white man's chair, with his rod across his knees.

Antonio Bowman, for the twentieth time, seeks the big master's room. He takes one of the dishes of lighted rag floating in palm oil and passes it across the sick man's face. He peers into the sick man's eyes.

"They are wide open! they follow the light!"

He peers again.

"Yes, they are open! He sees."

And Antonio gives one loud cry of surprise, and falls on his knees by the side of his master, who feebly closes his eyes again.

"On, come, come to the bed! Oh, come!" cries Antonio Bowman, "come to the bed of the big master! See, the big master lives! lives for well! Ha! ha! ha!"

The women come to him. The king's men are told what has happened and lurch into the room, followed at last by the king, who steadies his steps with his staff stuck out on the floor well in front of him. They stare at the sick man in the yellow light, and their eyes wink and blink in it.

The sick man takes no notice of them, for his brain is sorely numbed by the effects of the drug.

Presently Antonio Bowman gently lifts him, and one of the women brings a cupful of gin and puts it to his lips.

He sips a little and sinks back.

Antonio clears the room of all but the king and the women.

* * * * * *

Old Turcan owed to the strength and toughness of his constitution his gradual release from the effects of the opiate.

His brain became clearer in spite of his sense of intense weakness and nausea.

By-and-by he whispered to Antonio Bowman, and tried to question him. He failed, but tried again and again, and at last comprehended the loss of the surf-boat, of Hill, and of all the crew but two men who had got to shore, one of whom was Zouave the patrao.

Gradually he realized what a scoundrel his assistant had been, for he bade Antonio feel for the letters and the rubies, and they were gone.

That death should have come to him who stole them, and cared not if he committed murder to do so, seemed almost just to the old man, yet he remembered the thief was the brother of Nell.

It was daylight before old Turcan recovered sufficient strength to move and keep his feet, and he only did so with the help of the faithful Antonio Bowman, on whose arm he leant.

He got to the door of the house and looked out. The empty waste of sea had calmed much, showing lesser breakers.

"If the lad had only told me what was in his mind I would have forgiven him, and given him anything for his sister's sake. He has sacrificed his life to his dishonesty," groaned old Turcan, and sank into a chair, faint and dazed.

But he gathered more and more strength, and bade Antonio Bowman send men all along the beach to search for the bodies, which he knew would sooner or later be cast up by the sea.

Then he got rid of the king and his men, who had not stirred, and who pretended to be mighty delighted at his recovery, and he pacified the bushmen with offers of payment on the morrow, after which he waited for the return of the messengers.

The women brought him fowl soup, which he drank greedily. Late in the day a messenger arrived with the news that three bodies had come ashore, one being that of the little master.

Feeling much stronger, the old man got into his hammock and was carried down to the beach.

The bearers, once down the steep pathway, sped along the wet sand by the edge of the waves, Antonio Bowman and the messenger leading. Presently they came in sight of a group of negroes clustered round something lying on the sand.

When the bearers stopped old Turcan alighted, and pushing the negroes aside,

found lying before him on its back the naked body of Hill. It had been cruelly beaten by the waves and ground against the sand.

Among the negroes stood the king, and old Turcan demanded of him who had stripped the body. The king protested he knew not.

Many men not of his own town would do such a thing, but not his own people. He would try to find the thieves, but the little master had come ashore hours past, and no one had seen him except as he was.

It was true, it was a pity! What would the big master give to punish the thieves?

All the negroes about the king protested the king had spoken the truth.

Old Turcan turned from him, knowing that it was as likely as not the body had been stripped by him, and all on it smuggled away. But he knew there was no way of recovering anything but by making it worth the king's while to return it.

He bade Antonio Bowman wrap the body up in a blanket taken from the hammock and have it carried to the house.

So Ned Thorburn, alias Hill, was carried back to the factory from which he had tried to escape, and was buried near it.

Week after week passed, and old Turcan waited and urged the king to search for the missing stones and the letters. The clothes the dead man had on when drowned were brought forth piece by piece by the natives, but the rubies, the order, and the letters were not in the pockets.

They never came to light, and whether they had dropped from the body into the sea, or had been taken by the natives, remained a mystery to the lonely old sailor.

Of the relationship that had existed between the dead man and Nell he also remained in ignorance, until one day he received a letter from his agents at home, to whom he had written asking them to find out the dead man's sister and to break the news of the disaster to the boat to her.

When old Turcan discovered that the young girl he had so fallen in love with was not a sister but a widow, he was truly astounded.

The man's blood was not in her veins, thank Heaven! was his first thought. That she had been his wife, poor girl, was her misfortune.

After a time he resolved to go to her. Having once resolved on it, so impatient did he become, that he could hardly wait for the arrival of the two Portuguese whom he had engaged to keep the factory open in his absence, and who came but slowly down the coast, wind and tide being against them.

At last he handed the charge of the factory over to them, and got away and reached England.

He sought out Mrs. Thorburn, and he found her took to his mind a hundred times sweeter and prettier than in the oft-scanned photograph, which he carried with him.

To see it and to hear old Turcan's story went a long way to make her take kindly to him, and even to fall in love with his rugged face and form.

He persuaded her to marry him, and she returned with him to Africa for a time, and old Turcan's wife was the first white woman who lived on that part of the solitary south-west African coast south of the Congo mouth.

[THE END.]

With A Conjurer.

BY E. E. C.

HE was a little man, clean shaved but for a small moustache, and there was a pleasant twinkle in his eye. I saw him glance at me with a look of recognition, and I wondered where I had seen him before.

Suddenly it flashed across me. He was the wizard whom I had "assisted" on the platform on the previous eveing, but he had undergone one of his own transformations.

Then he had been attired in professional evening dress. Now he wore a neat suit of tweed, with hat to match, and looked like a well-appointed tourist.

A sudden thought struck me. He had brought me to the verge of lunacy by his tricks of the day before; I would play him a trick in turn.

I would interview him unaware, worm out his most cherished secrets, and reveal them in print to a puzzled public.

I got into conversation with him without any difficulty, and paved the way for my design by offering him a particularly choice cigar.

I watched him carefully, half expecting that he would put it up his nose and bring it out his ear, but he didn't. He merely lighted it, and began to smoke in the most prosaic way.

Presently we turned townwards, and I invited him to lunch with me. He accepted.

He intimated for my guidance that So-and-So's was the best restaurant in the place, and showed a very pretty taste in the selection of the most delicate dishes. They disappeared in due course, but there was nothing specially magical about the process.

Luncheon over, I invited him to my rooms to taste a very particular brand of old whisky.

When he had filled his glass, and lighted another cigar, I began to compliment him on the dexterity he had displayed on the previous evening. Praising an artist is like petting a dog. Big or little, they all like it. The professor smiled.

"I'm pretty good with my fingers," he said, glancing affectionately at them. "But there's a good deal more than that in conjuring."

"Is there? I thought it was entirely a matter of dexterity: 'the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye,' and that sort of thing."

"Oh, that's only a bit of patter," he replied. "It's true enough as far as it goes. There are plenty of things I could do under your very nose, and you wouldn't be any the wiser. But dexterity alone wouldn't stand for much. The biggest half of the art of conjuring consists"—I pricked up my ears—"in doing things when people are not looking at you."

"That's a good joke," I replied, with a gentle wink to indicate that I wasn't quite so green as to swallow that. "But they always are looking at you."

"Eyes and no eyes!" replied the professor, oracularly. "What's the use of carefully watching my right hand when I'm working the 'fake' with my left, or beginning to keep an eagle eye upon me just after the trick is really done? That's what the average spectator does."

"You don't mean to say that the public are all fools?"

"By no means. But I can make them look which way I like, notwithstanding. You observe this ring?"

"It's a handsome carbuncle. Is there anything particular about it?"

"Nothing whatever. I merely called your attention to it to illustrate what I was saying. For fifteen seconds or so your attention has been fixed on my right hand, and if I had wanted to make any little professional arrangement with my left I have had ample opportunity."

"But you could not invite two or three hundred people to admire your ring."

"I should do something equally simple. I need not even speak. I have only to look fixedly anywhere—say at the leg of the table or a spot on the ceiling—and the eyes of the audience with infallibly turn in the same direction. Meanwhile—the trick is done. Another mainstay of the conjurer is 'mistaken identity.'"

"How does that help you?"

"In the shape of substitutions. Say I borrow a lady's handkerchief. I tear it up, burn it, and so on, and yet presently it turns up again somewhere else not a whit the worse. In point of fact, the handkerchief I borrowed never was damaged at all. At an early stage of the trick I divert the attention of the audience for a moment, and during that moment I substitute another handkerchief just like it, which goes through the mill in its place. I wrap the ashes in a sheet of paper. A little more misdirected attention and substitution of the real handkerchief wrapped in another piece of paper, and—there you are! Of course you require a certain amount of dexterity to make the necessary changes, but that's a matter of practice."

"I notice that you use very little apparatus."

"Apparatus is out of fashion just now. Fifty years ago a conjurer's stage was crowded with rattletraps of various descriptions. The Wizard of the North, used to travel with seven tons of baggage. Now, it's all the other way. A high-class wizard prides himself on showing how little apparatus he can work with. Many won't even use a table."

"A table?"

"A conjurer's table I mean. That's rather different from an ordinary table. A handsome centre table in the old days used to cost from $50 to $200."

"What made it so costly?"

"Well, it had several specialties. One was a hinged shelf behind, called the 'servante,' for changing things on. Then there were 'traps' for vanishing, and 'pistons'—small rods coming up through the top of the table—for working mechanical pieces like the Zouave, or the Watch-and-Card Target. Some tables were fitted also with arrangements for suspending and working electrical tricks, such as the Magic Drum that beats without drumsticks. The sticks are inside, worked by electricity."

"Is electricity much used for conjuring purposes?"

"Very little nowadays. Electrical tricks are costly to buy and uncertain to work. Besides, people know too much. In fact, electricity gets the credit of a good deal it has nothing to do with. If people see some mechanical effect they cannot account for, they just put it down to electricity."

"Do you really discard apparatus altogether?"

"Not entirely; but we arrange that the apparatus shall either not be seen at all, or, if intended to be seen, shall exactly resemble some corresponding object in everyday use, so that no one may suspect the 'fake' about it, though I'm inclined to think that the non-apparatus principle is being carried too far, and that there will be a reaction."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that one doesn't conjure for conjurers only. Experts know that it is far more difficult to work without apparatus, and appreciate tricks of that class accordingly; but the general public only want to be amused, and don't care two straws whether you amuse them in an easy way or a difficult way. Then, again, they like variety, and after an hour or so of carpet-bag business, a good big mechanical effect makes a pleasant change."

"What do you mean by 'carpet-bag' business?"

"A show on the non-apparatus principle is called a carpet-bag show, because the performer can carry all he wants in an ordinary 'grip.' Of course, that isn't always literally true, but it is pretty near it."

"Must you always have your grip with you, or could you show me a trick here, on the spur of the moment?"

"Rather short notice; but, if I happen to have a pack of cards in my pocket I will see what I can do. Yes, here we are! Take a card; any one you please. Put it back. Now shuffle them and lay the pack on the table. I will not even trouble them. What card was it that you drew?"

"The seven of diamonds."

"Then I shall order the seven of diamonds to leave the pack on the table, and pass into your tail-pocket. Examine the pack, and see whether the card has left it."

I looked them through, and found that the seven of diamonds was gone. I put my hand in my tail-pocket, and, lo, the missing card!

"That is really extraordinary," I said; "but surely the explanations you have given me don't cover a feat like this."

"Let us see. While you were admiring my finger-ring just now, I took the opportunity with the other hand to slip a spare seven of diamonds into your pocket. Misdirection of attention and substitution combined! A little dexterity to force the corresponding card, and a little more to pass it to the top and palm it off when you replaced it, and—there you are! It is simplicity itself, you see, when you know how it's done!"

And I daresay it is; but somehow I can't do it, though I have already worn out two packs of cards in the vain endeavor. Perhaps the reader will be more fortunate.

SNAKES AND TOADS.—Toads, in the presence of snakes, usually remain perfectly still, in this is their only safety, for did they make the least movement they would immediately be caught.

I have known a hungry snake lie waiting over an hour for a frog to move, and even push with the nose to stir him up. This has been called "snake charming," and indeed it looks like it, but the toad is the charmer, the snake the charmee.

I remember one day, says a writer, I dropped a toad in the midst of a pit of snakes I had in my back yard. He at once became perfectly still, though surrounded by more than a dozen hungry snakes. There was a circle of fierce heads and glaring eyes around him, but he would not move.

The circle narrowed, until the protruding tongues almost touched him, yet he was immovable. Just then I was called away for over half an hour, but on returning found the toad, in grave dignity, still holding the fort by most masterly inactivity.

The senses of seeing, hearing and smelling are very defective in garters, they can see but a few yards at most, and even at short distances of but a few inches they are often at fault.

A snake was seen pursuing a frog, a half-grown toad, in a sawmill yard; the sawdust and open space were greatly in favor of the snake and against the frog. The frog made long jumps and the snake made a direct line to the spot where he alighted, but before reaching it the frog had again jumped in another direction, and so the hunt went on for about half a minute; the snake, quite unable to trace the frog in his aerial progress, was directed only by the disturbance made in alighting.

At last the frog, more by accident than design, alighted on the flat surface of a rough board which stood leaning against a pile of lumber at an angle of about 80 degrees, and sat perfectly still, about ten inches from the ground.

The snake was quite puzzled; he looked, listened, sniffed and poked about for several minutes, passing close to the end of the board several times, but the hunt was an utter failure, and he slunk away toward the brushwood, a very mad and disgusted specimen.

Hundreds of similar cases could be cited, all showing the defective character of the special senses of the garter.

FUNERAL REFORM.—A Pittsburg doctor wants to reform our funeral customs. He proposes, instead of embalming, burying, or even cremating bodies, to compress them.

He says that by hydraulic pressure, supplied at very slight cost, he can condense an average human body into a small solid cube of twelve inches. The block resembles veined marble, and is tasteless, odorless, and imperishable.

The cost is only $10. But he doesn't say what is the advantage of his alleged invention. Surely we don't want the bodies of our ancestors to build houses with. Bricks are cheap enough.

And stone cubes of twelve inches are of little use for any other purpose. Now, if the doctor could make some people's relations into handsome inkstands, or lamps, or chimney ornaments, they might be induced to consider his project.

Such articles would do capitally for wedding presents to relatives who survive. One likes to keep heirlooms in the family: but no one would say "thank you" for a simple cube of marble, no matter how veined and odorless it might be.

PROSPERITY shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRICITY.—A line of cable cars passing through La Salle street tunnel, in Chicago, is to be lighted by incandescent lamps as the cars enter the tunnel, the current being thrown out as day-light is again reached.

FELLING TREES.—Electric power has been utilized in the Galician forest to fell trees. The work is done by means of a drill, operated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it.

GLASS.—A process of engraving on glass and crystal by electricity has been communicated to the French Academy of Science. The plate to be engraved is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash and put in connection with one of the poles in the battery, and the design is traced out with a fine platinum point connected to the other pole. The results are said to be of marvelous delicacy.

ZINC AND FIRES.—Zinc, placed upon the fire in a stove or grate, is said to operate as an effective extinguisher of chimney fires. According to this representation, when a fire starts inside a chimney, from whatever cause, a piece of thin zinc, about four inches square, is to be put into the stove or grate connecting with the chimney. The zinc fuses and liberates sulphurous fumes, which passing up the flue, are said to almost instantly put out whatever fire there may be.

SNOW-SHOES.—Snow shoes are worn even by horses on some of the stage routes in Nevada. They are fastened to the hoofs by clamps, and, after an animal becomes used to them he can travel four or five miles an hour where it would be impossible to go that distance in a week without them. The shoes are made of thin steel plate, and measure about 9 by 11 inches. The horses are shod with long heel calks, which go through the snow shoes and prevent their slipping going up and down hill.

LEATHER FROM WOOD.—An Austrian doctor has invented a process for the manufacture of artificial leather from red beech wood. The trees from which the wood is taken should be old—from fifty to sixty years of age—and the wood should be cut in the spring and worked up immediately. After undergoing several processes—steaming, treating with chemicals, etc.—the prepared wood is subjected to heavy pressure. It is claimed that from the resultant a solid leather can be obtained, superior to natural leather in firmness and durability.

Farm and Garden.

FERTILIZERS.—All fertilizers should be in as fine condition as possible, for upon the degree of fineness depends to a great extent the solubility of the ingredients.

COAL-ASHES.—Coal-ashes are excellent around peach trees. It has been claimed that the borer will not attack peach trees if coal-ashes are scattered around the trunks of the trees.

WHITEWASH.—Use carbolic acid in all the whitewash that may be applied, and whitewash the interior of the stables as often as it can be done, as it renders them light and cheerful.

THE DAIRY.—Too much washing and scouring of the churn and tin-pans cannot be given. Cleanliness is an important factor in the dairy business, and boiling water is an absolute necessity.

MICE AND RATS.—Thousands of dollars worth of grain is destroyed annually by mice, rats and other vermin, that may be saved by using half-inch wire netting under the floors of stables and barns.

FRUIT.—There is plenty of room for fruit on every farm. Farmers give special attention to apples, but not one-tenth of them grow peaches, pears, strawberries, grapes, raspberries, currants, or cherries, even for home use.

CARELESSNESS.—Corn left standing in the field is not only injured by exposure but the shocks become the harboring places of rats, mice and other vermin, which, with birds and rabbits, destroy or waste a large portion of the grain.

THE SICK.—Have at least one good-sized roomy box stall in the barn. It is very necessary for a sick horse or cow, or for a mare about to foal. In fact all valuable stock should be kept in box stalls; they are less liable to accidents, and do better.

WIND BREAKS.—It should be kept in mind when selecting trees for wind break that it is quite an item to have them of a close growing habit and as nearly perpetual foliage as possible. Then by planting a double row of them the effect desired may be secured.

POULTRY.—The hen-house should have a tight roof and walls. If the shingles are old and admit the wet, then surely some trouble will ensure. Damp floors will be sure to bring colds, and these neglected soon develop into roup, the most difficult disease to control known to the poultry yard. Stop the leaks, patch the roof, seal up the cracks, and so keep the hens healthy, for surely they will not produce eggs if diseased.

A MAN'S individuality is what brings him success in this world, and there have never yet been laid down any set of rules or regulations by which men are made to gain distinction among their fellow-men.

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Of False Politeness.

We have read a description of the Island of False Politeness—the island of empty caresses and gracious formalities—the island emphatically of lip service, of sentiment, of superficial amiability, of superfine good breeding.

Here nothing goes deeper than appearance, and nothing is more solid than the mere word and the breath.

In this island everyone is of the same opinion, and no one dares to be "otherwise-minded" for fear of failing in the requisite amount of politeness.

If you were to utter the veriest rubbish possible, the caressing islanders would applaud you to the echo, and were they, as once happened to Rousseau, to see you about to eat a poisonous plant, they would not warn you against your danger, still less snatch the berries from your hand. That would be an impolite interference with your liberty of action, and a rudeness not allowed by the silken code of their politeness.

It would be as inadmissible as if the Spanish grandee—who let the sovereign burn because it was not allowed to him to touch the sacred person—had suddenly flung the burning King on the floor, rolled him round and round in a rug, and beaten out the flames with his unconsecrated hands.

He would have saved the royal life, but he would have broken all the court rules of politeness and etiquette, and he would, therefore, have been eligible for punishment—and he would have got it.

Whence, we see that the Island of False Politeness is not a mere myth, and that living human beings have been, and still are, as absurd as these fabled creatures who kiss and smirk and smile and compliment, and pass their time in false approval of unworthy things—who offer what they do not mean you should accept, and who praise what they secretly despise.

We also go through a great deal of false sentiment and false politeness in the matter of our funeral ceremonies and our mourning attire.

Too often letters of condolence and letters of congratulation come under the same head of false politeness. Written from the heart, they are as drops of balm and apples of gold. But written for form's sake, they are no better than so many little pellets of painted wood without life or meaning.

They too are things which must be done because of rule and law, but things which have no power in them to soothe or to rejoice.

And all those funeral wreaths, and all those wedding presents, sent out of politeness, not from real feeling—what a mass of folly!

That funeral, not so very long ago, where the flowers sent weighed two tons—could anyone who had the smallest love of flowers bear to hear of the waste?—the sacrifice?—bloodless certainly, but a sacrifice as senseless as that of the barbarous chief who has his horse and his dog, his wife and his slave shot by the side of his grave, that their souls may bear him company in the cloudy land to which he has gone.

And those wedding presents! Fifty years ago they were for the most part of papier mache—abominations of every kind, with flaring colored flowers eked out by bits of mother of-pearl; though we grant that certain of the simply painted and not inlaid pictures were pretty and graceful.

But fashion has gone further afield and into richer regions since then, and gold and pearls, silver and diamonds, are the ordinary gifts of the moderately endowed to the wealthy.

These two things—funeral flowers and wedding presents—have become utterly conventionalized, and are no longer the expression of friendship or sympathy. Let them go, save when the tender prayer, the loving thought, the heartfelt smile, the tear that is a drop of one's own life's blood accompanies them.

Many other things might be carted to a well-deserved limbo of oblivion and disuse. Still, to attempt to create a Palace of Truth for ourselves is suicidal.

We must have politic reticence, we must have polite silences; but we need not go so far as polite falsehoods.

Negation is all very well. Truthful candor and unpleasant affirmatives are not wanted; but we do not need to add to this false advocacy, false opinions, false caresses, false politeness.

There are customs and "appearances" and phrases and follies which it would be to the advantage of all concerned to cast away like withered leaves.

Let them slide; and in their stead let us have the simplicity of truth, the quietness which does not seek publicity, the sincerity which makes no false protestation for form's sake, and the self-respect which disdains to swell the chorus of a fashionable lie, however loudly intoned by the multitude which does not think.

In the voyage of life many profess to be in search of Heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.

Raising glory occasions the greatest envy, as kindling fires the greatest smoke. Envy is the reverse of charity; and as that is the supreme source of pleasure, so this is of pain. Envy has under its banner, hatred, calumny, treachery, with the meagreness of famine, the venom of pestilence, and the rage of war.

In the morning of our days, when the senses are unworn and tender, when the whole man is awake in every part, and the gloss of novelty fresh upon all the objects that surround us, how lively at that time are our sensations, but how false and inaccurate the judgments we form of things!

The magnanimous know very well that they who give time or money or shelter to the stranger—so it be done for love and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe.

It is both a misery and a shame for a man to be a bankrupt in love; which he may easily pay and be never the more impoverished. I will be in no man's debt for good-will; but will at least return every man his own measure, if not with usury.

It is only an error of judgment to make a mistake, but it argues an infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered. Or, as the Chinese better say, "The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

Man's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will. A word, a look, which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart, and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected,—a police in citizen's clothes,—but who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

Humanity is the peculiar characteristic of great minds; little vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the exact pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

The doubts of love are never to be wholly overcome; they grow with its various anxieties, timidities and tendernesses; and are the very fruits of the reverence in which the admired object is beheld.

The object of preaching is constantly to remind mankind of what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions.

Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self that, even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the ailment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.

Lives are enlarged in different ways. I dare say some would never get their eyes opened if it were not for a violent shock from the consequences of their own actions.

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and show its food in every fibre.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

The path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward, and increaseth even to perfect day. The way of the wicked is darksome; they know not where they fall.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

The things which thy eyes have seen utter not hastily in a quarrel, lest afterward thou mayst not be able to make amends, when thou hast dishonored thy friend.

Wonderful! that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.

Piety is a kind of modesty. It makes us cast down our thoughts, just as modesty makes us cast down our eyes in presence of whatever is forbidden.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

Good nature, or what is often considered such, is the most selfish of all virtues; it is nine times out of ten mere indolence of disposition.

True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure for us the highest.

Choose the course which you adopt with deliberation; but when you have adopted it, then persevere in it with firmness.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

Seek out a man's good traits of character before you search for his bad ones.

Recall every day one good thought.

The World's Happenings.

Miss Mary Bump, aged 74, of South Lyme, Conn., took her first ride on a railroad car a few days ago.

Morgan Safford, of Norwich, the oldest "newsboy" in Connecticut, distributed papers half a century ago.

The insect popularly called "daddy long legs" has been made up in gold wire to be worn as a hair ornament.

Three members, two daughters and a son, of a family in Shady Hook, Ky., were married one day recently.

Mary Bean, colored, of Guyton, Ga., has found, in Florida, her mother, from whom she was separated 54 years ago.

Kerosene is unexcelled in starch to give polish; also to polish glass. It will make your windows shine like silver.

A prisoner in a Cincinnati station house attempted suicide with an ordinary brass pin by opening arteries in his wrist.

The novel enterprise of raising frogs for the Boston market is about to be started at Manchester, N. H., by a New York party.

At some of the stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad the name of the place is spelled out in letters of flowers on a sloping bank.

A celluloid penholder exploded in the pocket of a Portsmouth, N. H., man, burning a hole in his coat and shirt, and tearing out the pocket.

A thief recently broke into the small-pox hospital in the harbor at Portsmouth, N. H., and carried off bed clothing, cooking utensils, etc.

Two young men drowned themselves in Lake Stamberg, in Bavaria, a few days ago, making 11 suicides there since King Ludwig set the fashion.

Some one in the California Legislature has coined the word "difficquibble, meaning a flank attack on a question by criticising some minor detail.

Duxbury, Mass., has a novelty in the shape of a man dressmaker. He is having a large run of custom, and his work gives perfect satisfaction.

Senator Coke, of Texas, is a firm believer in Spiritualism, and is fully convinced that the dead and the living can communicate with each other.

One of the seven persons baptized through the ice near Danville, Ill., recently, contracted a severe cold and is now in a precarious condition.

There is a man in Los Angeles whose business it is to travel East with the corpses of people who go to Southern California to find health and who die instead.

The fat woman in a Boston dime museum and a New Yorker, weighing but 90 pounds, were married recently. The bride's weight is advertised at 600 pounds.

An enterprising editor in Nebraska, wanting to boom the matrimonial market, offers his paper free for six months to every couple getting married in the county.

Fifty deaf mutes participated at a ball in Cincinnati a few nights ago, and a local paper says they danced and enjoyed themselves as though they heard every strain of the music.

A Georgia couple, believing in the saying that a fruit cake improves with age, kept their wedding cake until last week, when, with their children, they ate it. The cake was 16 years old.

A mischievous youngster in Milton, N. H., saturated the tail of the family dog with kerosene and then applied a match. The dog ran off frantically, and, rubbing against a haystack, $150 worth of property was burned.

The present sultan is one of the most enthusiastic chess amateurs in Europe. He will play the game for hours without intermission and will not allow any matter of state to interfere with the problem in which at the time he is engaged.

A Brewer, Me., woman, while hanging out her wash, discovered what appeared to be a patch in the hem of a skirt, and, investigating, found it to be a $5 bill, which she had long before sewed into the hem for safe keeping and forgotten.

Greenfield is the residence of a splendid mechanic. Being at Jessup's Landing recently in a snowy time, and wishing to go home, a distance of about 6 miles, he purchased two of the largest salt codfish he could find and fastened them to his feet for snowshoes. He arrived in due time.

A Maine paper tells of a needy family in that State for whom kind friends took up a contribution, raising $3 in money. The recipients were grateful for the aid, and the whole family went to the photographer and had their pictures taken to send round to those who had befriended them.

One of the fancies of the King of Wurtemberg is to ascertain whether the moon is inhabited, by causing photographs to be taken of that luminary and then magnifying the negatives a hundred thousand-fold. The pictures produced by this this process show nebulæ with little dots, and the King declares the dots to be men and women. He hopes eventually to get some of them into distinct shape.

A woman near Ventura, Cal., recently made $100,000 in land speculation. This fired her with the ambition to get up a special "boom," and make a million, if possible. So she chartered a train from San Francisco, 600 miles away, gave a free ride, a free lunch and free music to all who would go, and held a "big sale." But, though the train was crowded with people from San Francisco, no one would buy, and, instead of making a fortune, she lost $20,000.

The insidious character of the danger lurking in electric-light wires in the street was further exemplified the other day in Baltimore. Two individuals conversing close by an iron awning post were observed to fall suddenly to the ground. A broken telephone wire had established communication between the electric light wire and the framework of the awning. The strength of the current was doubtless divided, and the victims eventually recovered their senses.

UNDONE.

If I had but known in the morning
The path that my feet would tread,
I had not waited till evening to say
The words that I left unsaid.

And my heart had not been closed to you,
Nor yours have been closed to me,
If we had but seen in the morning, dear,
What now seems so easy to see.

Oh, those little things in the morning
So easily left undone,
How they oft outweigh in the balance of life
The greatest things ever begun!

And the cloud, that a word, in the morning,
Or a smile or a kiss could dispel,
May grow to a storm by the eventide
That nothing can ever quell.

Heart for Heart.

BY H. CRESWELL.

"OH, Gerty, do you think we might take a walk together? It looks so nice out of doors!"

The question was put in a subdued whisper, as the two sisters stood apart in a distant window.

"I don't know, Chriss. I don't know if it would be quite polite. I wish I knew what people did in grand houses like this."

"So do I. I feel like a fish out of water. I don't think visiting is as nice as I expected. We have both looked forward to it so, and now I wish I were at home—almost."

"Hush!" whispered Gertrude warningly, and the next moment their hostess had come smilingly up.

"Well, my dears, and how are you going to amuse yourselves to-day? You know I told your mother that, with a whole houseful of guests on my hands, I should have to leave you to entertain yourselves a good deal. When I was young I used to like being left to my own devices, and I dare say you do too. A walk?—Why, to be sure! The whole world is before you. Go where you please, and do what you please; only be in for lunch at two o'clock. Mr. Chesterton is rather particular about punctuality and regularity at meals."

Gertrude and Christabel started off in the autumn sunshine, with a sense of joyous exhilaration and freedom from constraint. They were on a first visit from home; and the change from the quiet country rectory to a grand house—more like a castle than a house—with its parks and gardens and retinue of liveried servants, was a little oppressive.

Moreover, their hostess, though an old friend of their mother's, was quite a stranger to them, and all the other guests in the house were considerably older than these two girls of eighteen and twenty.

The Chestertons were childless people, who liked, in default of sons and daughters, to fill their house with visitors.

Gertrude and Christabel had been invited to the Chase before, but their mother had not then thought them old enough to visit at a grand house, and they had only arrived there upon the previous evening.

"It's all very nice, and rather like a fairy tale. I mean a sort of fairy palace, where everything is made of silver and crystal, and things are done for you, you don't know how," said Christabel, as they pursued their way; "only it makes one just a little afraid of the sound of one's own voice and I don't feel quite as if I knew what to say or do. It's just a little bit like a bad dream sometimes, when one can't breathe freely, you know, and then I wish I were at home with father and mother; but it's amusing to hear people talk, and it will be great fun telling them all about it when we do get back. But a fortnight is a long time—at least it seems so now."

"Time will go more quickly when we get used to things," answered Gertrude wisely. "I know just what you mean, Chriss; but I am sure Mrs. Chesterton is very kind, and, if we may take walks together and amuse ourselves as we like, we shall quite enjoy it after a little bit. But we must take care of our dresses and things for you know we have not got many, and mother would not like us to go about looking dirty or draggled. We can't be grand or fine, and it would not be suitable to try; but we can be neat and clean and fresh—so please be careful to keep so."

This bit of advice was not altogether superfluous, for Miss Chrissie was fond of rollicking about in a fashion that left speedy traces on her attire.

At home this did not much matter, as she would take her rambles in an old frock that wanted no saving; but it certainly would not do to submit the pretty, dainty morning-dresses they had had made for "visiting" to any such rough treatment, and Chrissie recognised this herself with a little sigh.

"Visiting is certainly a doubtful joy," she remarked, and Gertrude laughed at her sorrowful look.

Nevertheless, the sisters enjoyed their morning ramble very much, indeed they enjoyed it so much that they rather overlooked the time, and, being used to an eight o'clock breakfast, forgot what a difference it made to the length of the morning when that meal was not concluded till half-past ten.

All at once Gertrude looked at her watch, to find that it was just one, and they were, they knew, a long way from the house.

The thought of being late for lunch after what Mrs. Chesterton had said was dreadful.

"We must find a nearer way back," said Chrissie with decision. "If we go through the wood we shall cut off a long piece. The road has made two sides of a triangle. Come along, I will take you. You know I never lose my bearings. It is all Mr. Chesterton's property—we shall not be trespassing. They said we might go anywhere we liked."

Thus urged, Gertrude gave way, though a little against her better judgment; for she was afraid the woods might be wet and brambly, and she had a suspicion that "short cuts" sometimes proved treacherous.

However, Chrissie had a capital "bump of locality" and the wood was very pretty and pleasant that bright September day, and certainly they got over the ground very fast.

"I'm sure we are nearly back at the lodge!—we shall be in time after all!" cried Chrissie eagerly—when a few minutes later they were brought up short by an obstacle they had never dreamed of.

To be sure, it was only a narrow little stream, a stream that a good wide jump would clear.

Chrissie could have taken it herself a year or two back, when she was in the happy stage of "short petticoats;" but she knew it was beyond her present powers, and, besides, the ground beyond was soft and boggy with the recent heavy rains.

A jump across would be fatal to the pretty dresses of which such care must be taken, the stream looked too deep to wade, and to turn back would make them hopelessly late and give them a bad character with Mr. Chesterton, of whom they stood in wholesome awe.

What was to be done? It was a regular dilemma.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Chrissie. "What is to become of us now?"

"Anything the matter, ladies?" asked a pleasant voice behind.

They turned quickly, to see a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, in a grey knickerbocker suit, standing a few paces behind them, with a friendly smile in his frank grey eyes.

"Oh, ah, you want to get across. Let me see, I think we ought to manage that," he looked quickly about him here and there, and then took a flying leap and recommenced his search on the opposite side of the stream.

"Ah, here we are!" he said at last, and appeared the next moment lugging with him a long deal plank, which he dexterously ran across from bank to bank.

"You see, it's always across the brook in winter; but in any ordinary summer there is no water here, and so it gets kicked on one side. These ridiculous summer rains we've had have filled the stream; but no one seems to have had the sense to put the plank across. It's quite steady. I'll keep my foot on it. One at a time. There, that is all right. Here we are, safe and sound."

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," said Gertrude. "We were in a great difficulty, for time is pressing."

"We have to be back for lunch, and I'm afraid we shall be late now," added Chrissie, as they hastened along. "You seem to know this part of the country. Can you please tell us if it is far from here to the Chase, I think they call it—Mr. Chesterton's house?"

"Are you for the Chase? That's jolly! So am I. If you'll come with me, I'll show you a short cut that will take us there in no time. Mrs. Chesterton is my aunt. I often run across to see her when I have an odd week to spare. I'm quite the son of the house, you'll find,"—he laughed in his pleasant, frank fashion—"but I don't remember seeing you there before though."

"No, this is our first visit. We only arrived last night. That is why we are so horribly afraid of being late," answered Chrissie with equal frankness.

He laughed as he led the way onwards with rapid steps.

"Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of. The old boy's bark is worse than his bite, and my aunt never scolds. Besides: we shall be in lots of time. I will take care it's all right."

"Oh, I don't care a bit now we have a companion in distress," cried Chrissie. "They will be much too busy greeting you to think of our misdeeds."

Somehow, the appearance on the scene of some young creature of their own generation made a vast difference in the feelings of the two girls; it was reassuring and cheering, and being used to the society of big brothers, they felt at home with this stranger from the first.

It was plain that he was a great favorite at the Chase.

His arrival there was hailed with the warmest welcomes, and the hosts and guests alike combined to make much of "Donald."

There was nothing oppressive in the atmosphere now, as the girls quickly discovered.

Donald got up a "four," and they played tennis all the afternoon, and when tea was over he took them out on the lake in the punt to see the moon rise.

After dinner he instituted games and music, and was the life and soul of the party: but naturally he and the two sisters being the only young people of the company, drew together by mutual affinity—and not only that night, but during the following days.

He attended them frequently on their walks, taught them the mysteries of all sorts of indoor games on wet afternoons, and got up tennis matches on fine ones, making their visit to the "grand house" altogether a different thing.

A fortnight did not seem at all a long time to look forward to now.

Indeed, Chrissie sometimes expressed a doubt as to whether she should feel ready to return home when the appointed day came.

* * * * * *

One of the pleasures provided by kind Mrs. Chesterton for her two guests was the use of a little village cart, and a steady pony to draw it.

Both girls could drive, and it was very pleasant, when nothing more attractive offered, to go out in the cart and explore the country for themselves.

Donald had been requested to go out with his gun and try to exterminate from a certain piece of land the rabbits, who were suffering from fluke owing to the wet season, and were in danger of infecting the sheep; and so his mornings were not always his own, and when he went out shooting the girls generally took a drive.

They were walking the pony along a narrow, rough lane one day, when the sudden sound of a gun startled them, or, to speak the truth, it was not the report that startled them, but the sudden exclamation that followed it.

The sisters looked at each other, and Chrissie turned white.

"It was Mr. Ross-Lewin's voice. Oh! Gerty, can anything have happened?"

"Perhaps I had better go and see," said Gertrude quietly. "It may be nothing; but——"

"Oh, do go! I am sure something has happened. I will wait for you here."

Gertrude was far more useful in an emergency than her younger sister, for she never lost her self control.

She left the road, climbed the bank, and got through the hedge—it was no time to think of pretty frocks now—and hardly had she done so before she saw Donald Ross-Lewin leaning against a gate some twenty yards away, his face very pale, and blood streaming from his left hand, which he was trying to bind up.

In a moment she was by his side.

"Can I help you?"

"Miss Denzil! Well, I am in luck! Only it's too bad to ask you to do anything so disagreeable. Oh, thanks! You understand this kind of thing better than I do. How clever you are!—an old hand at surgery, evidently. I'm awfully sorry to be such a nuisance."

"How did it happen? Are you much hurt?"

"Not more than I deserve, I dare say, for my carelessness. Gun went off as I got over the gate. I thought it was only half-cock. There's a good bit of the charge lodged in there"—indicating his hand. "I suppose I'd best go off to some surgeon and have it looked to."

"We have got the pony cart close by," said Gertrude. "We will drive you."

"Will you really? That is good of you 'A friend in need,' you know."

"That is what you were to us when we met you first. 'One good turn deserves another.'"

The nearest doctor lived about two miles away, and luckily they found him at home just about to start off on his rounds.

He was a clever, but somewhat rough-and-ready kind of man, and, when he heard what was amiss, he at once demanded that one of the young man's "sisters" should come to the surgery too.

"I've no one on the place—my lad's out, and so is my wife. I shall want some help, and whichever of you two ladies has the best nerve, come along with your brother."

"These ladies are not my sisters," said Donald hastily. "You must manage alone. They have kindly brought me to your door, but we must not detain them any longer."

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "Seems to me they'll have to stay and drive you back. You don't suppose you'll be fit to walk, do you?"

Chrissie had cast a frightened, imploring look at Gertrude, who answered it by descending from the cart with a quietly resolute air.

"I will come with you," she said, "and my sister will wait with the pony. I understand enough of surgery, I think, to be of a little use."

"Sensible girl! sensible girl!" muttered the old doctor; and, disregarding Donald's remonstrances, Gertrude followed him to his surgery.

Chrissie was left a long time alone; but at last her companions returned, both of them looking very pale, though Donald tried to make light of the whole thing, and was only vexed that the girls should have been "let in" for anything so unpleasant.

Great consternation reigned at the Chase when it became known that Donald had met with a disabling accident; and great praise was bestowed upon the two girls who had shown so much sense and presence of mind.

The doctor, who came on later in the day to see how his case was going, spoke plainly as to the danger there might have been if the injury had not been promptly looked to, and openly wished that all girls had the sense and calmness and gentleness of Gertrude Denzil.

Donald had no idea of playing the invalid and appeared at the dinner-table with his arm in a sling, Gertrude sat next him, still almost as pale as himself, and much less disposed for food. He saw this, and presently said in a low voice—

"I'm sorry about this morning. It has quite upset you."

"No, indeed. It is silly of me to keep thinking of it. But I never saw anyone shot before, and it might have been so much worse."

"Would you have cared if it had been?"

"Of course I should have cared;" she glanced up at him as she spoke, and then suddenly dropped her eyes.

A deep flush suffused her face, but she could hardly have told what brought it there.

"I never thanked you for all your kindness," said Donald, in a low voice. "I'm a dreadfully bad hand at that kind of thing; but, indeed it made all the difference having you there."

When the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, Donald gave one hasty look round, and then walked to the open window and stepped out on to the paved walk beneath the verandah.

"Ought he to go out?" said one kind old lady, with an anxious look at their hostess. "Young people are so rash. They never think of chills, and so on; but erysipelas so often follows gun-shot wounds if the cold gets at them. Do you not think he should come in?"

But Mrs. Chesterton leaned forward with a mysterious look on her face, and spoke in a whisper that expressed volumes of meaning—

"Ah, don't be cruel to the poor boy! Indeed, he will take no harm, for it is as warm as summer; and he is aching to have it out—one can see that at a glance."

"Oh?" breathed the old lady, nodding her head with a great look of wisdom. "So that is how the land lies, is it?"

* * * * * *

A week later Gertrude and Chrissie had returned to their pleasant country home.

The tribe of brothers and sisters were enchanted to have them back, and, if Gertrude were a little more silent than was her wont, the younger sister made up for it by her endless flow of exhuberant spirits.

The number of stories she had to tell seemed exhaustless—the little ones were never tired of listening.

The story of the first walk and the last drive they had taken were always the fa-

vorites, and "Donald," as the children persisted in calling him, was quite a hero.

"Chrissie! Chrissie!" cried young Roland, in wild excitement, rushing up the long garden-path to the summer-house at the end. "There's a gentleman just come to see papa; and he's got a yellow mustache and grey eyes, and his hands in a sling—and, oh, I do believe it's Donald!"

A laughing look crept over Chrissie's face as she bent over her work.

"Well, I really should not wonder if it were."

The children went back to their tasks, and Ronald pranced up and down the path in restless excitement; but Flossie, the next sister below Chrissie, pressed up to her and said in a whisper—

"Do tell me why he's come; I'm sure you know."

"I don't, I only guess."

"Please tell me what you guess—just whisper."

Chrissie laughed and leaned her head towards Flossie's.

"I guess he's come to ask papa for Gerty—for the loan of her for good and all."

Flossie's eyes were round with wonder.

"Does he want to marry her? Oh Chrissie!—wouldn't that be romantic? What will papa say?"

"That remains to be proved, my dear; but I almost think he may say 'Yes.' You see, he and mamma are fond of saying that 'Mr. Ross Lewin was very kind to their little girls,' and you know, 'one good turn deserves another!'"

From the Plain.

BY S. U. W.

A BRIGHT June day; and a pretty girl seated by the window of a small room in a snug old country Rectory, sewing busily. Her cheeks wore a pink flush, for she had just heard news to set her pulses beating.

Outside, the white-haired old Rector was tying up his sweet peas, which grew just under the window; lifting his head every now and then to talk to his daughter over the sill of the low frame, its sash thrown up to the summer air.

"What did you say, child?—Am I sure? Why of course I am sure. That is, I'm sure they told me. Mrs. Parker received the letter this morning."

"But, papa, he was not expected before August."

"Got tired of his roving, maybe. Anyway the two gardeners said their master was expected back tomorrow evening, and a cargo of valuable luggage had already arrived and was being unpacked. I saw the two men as I passed the Court gates just now, and they gave me the news. In a fine heat and bustle both of them were; afraid, I suppose, that they will not have the gardens straight in time."

"He has not been gone a year yet, papa; and he said he might stay away two years, if you remember,"

"And I said that when he did come he would probably bring a wife with him; I remember that."

"Perhaps he will," said the girl.

"Perhaps he won't—if he's coming now," contended the Rector. "Had he married, we should have heard of it; and he wouldn't be likely to bring home a wife without ordering the Court to make ready for her. You speak without thinking, Anna. By the way, child, I forgot to tell you that I met Dr. Reeves at the post office, and he asked me to dine with him this evening."

"I feel glad of that, papa."

She felt very glad, for she knew that her father would get a good dinner.

The Rector's stipend was a small one, nothing like two hundred a year, and they must be economical in all ways, as part of money had to go to the son, Lieutenant Castleton, who was making his way as best as he could in his regiment.

Whereas Doctor Reeves was an amiable old pluralist, with more thousands a year than the Rector counted hundreds, and his dinner table was always superb.

Mr. Castleton went off to another part of his garden. He did most of the work in it himself, not being able to afford a gardener, except for an odd day at rare intervals.

Anna let her work fall on her lap—she was making herself a new muslin body—and sat looking outwards, as if she wanted to watch her father trimming the roses. Truly, she saw neither him nor the flowers.

A few minutes, and there ran into the house by a side door, Lily Sanford, a laughing girl, in a flapping old Leghorn hat. She burst into the little work-room,

"Such news, Anna! What do you think? Roger Brooke is coming home!"

"Papa has just heard so," replied Anna quietly, picking up her work and going on with it.

"My uncle went up to the Court betimes this morning. He had to see about paying some tithes, or taxes, or something or other, and he said I might walk with him. Goody Parker met us with the information that a lot of treasures had come through London from the East, and her master was following on to-morrow. I'm uncommonly glad; he will give us some more garden parties."

"You can't forget the one he did give, Lily!" said Anna, with a laugh.

"When he made you its queen—for I'm sure that's what he did do," retorted Lily.

"How silly you are!"

"Some official kind of a man came with the treasure," ran on the girl who sat down on the window sill and was swinging her old hat around by its yellow strings. "He was unpacking them in the big music room, Parker said, being the barest and emptiest; so I went to see, leaving Uncle in the steward's den, bothering over the accounts and blowing up general all around."

"And what did you see?"

"My dear, I was plunged into the mysteries of fairy-land. There are beautiful pictures without number, and without name to me; some of them painted in glowing colors, and some just in that soft light and shade, like the child's head hanging behind you, which was, I believe, given you by Roger Brooke. There are boxes of carved, scented woods as curious as the forests they came from, and vases of strange substances that I could make nothing of, and pottery hideous to behold, and lovely porcelain of many lands. The last thing the man came to and unpacked, while I stood there was Lot's wife."

'Lot's wife!"

"Lot's wife," repeated Lily. "Anna how queer you look!"

Anna was gazing in doubting amazement, her blue eyes wide, her pink cheeks turning crimson.

"Do you think I'm inventing?" cried Lily. "If you would just put down your work and run up to the court, you could see it for yourself."

"But, did you really see it—*Lot's wife?*" asked Anna.

"Well, I really saw a queer, salty-looking thing the man called Lot's wife; 'Lot's wife, straight from the Plain,' said he to me, condescending to add that it was a model of her taken from the figure on the Plain. It was about the size of a doll. What a goose Roger Brooke must be to bring home that!"

Lily rambled on, but Anna Castleton heard her not. Her thoughts had gone back to the past.

She was recalling a long day ago: when the handsome and rich young heir, Roger Brooke, about to set out on his travels, had stood outside this very window, his arms on its sill, as he talked to her.

Love there had been between them, but never a word of it spoken.

It was hardly likely, she sometimes had said to herself, that he would choose her, the poor daughter of the poor Rector.

"And what shall I bring you home, my little Anna?" he had asked, his fine hazel eyes going out to her with admiration, his voice suddenly grown tender as a love-song.

"Nothing," she had answered, blushing.

"But, yes; it must be. Choose something, my timid dove, and it shall be brought to you, though I go to the ends of the earth to find it."

"Bring me Lot's wife, straight from the Plain," she had said then, believing that, of all the most impossible things she could mention, that was the most impossible.

"Be it so," concluded Roger. "I'll bring her straight from the Plain."

And now if Lily Sanford might be believed, here it was—Lot's wife.

He had remembered it; must be remembering her.

Throughout all these months when silence to her had seemed so dreary; she had not been forgotten.

Little communications had been received from Roger: a letter now and then (months between) to her father, the Rector, who had been his tutor in boyhood, a letter or two to his man of business, old Lawyer Sanford; a note or so to the housekeeper at the Court, Mrs. Parker; but never anything to Anna.

Lily departed, remarking that he aunt would be setting the crier to work.

Anna dropped her face in her hands in a rush of sweet memories of the past, of brilliant fancies and anticipations for the future, and then common sense came back with a rush.

"How worse than foolish I am!" she cried, very much ashamed of herself. "Because he has brought home that ridiculous model of salt—which probably may be meant for his own gallery—I am conjuring up these dreams! Why, it means no more for me than if he had brought me a model of the Pyramids in sugar.

Resolutely taking up her work, she was stitching away, all business like, when she saw their servant, Molly, come whisking down the side path of the gardens with some salad in her apron, which she had been to cut.

"Molly," she called out, looking from the window—and the woman came up. "Molly, you need not make that sweet omelette for dinner which I ordered. Papa dines with Dr. Reeves this evening, so we omelette to-morrow. The cold meat with salad, will do to-day."

"Very well, Miss Anna," replied Molly cheerfully, as she whisked away.

Towards evening, when the air grew cooler, and the sun was nearing its setting, and Mr. Castleton was away, eating his dinner, Anna put on her straw hat, and went forth for a stroll.

Involuntarily, as it seemed, her feet took her towards the Court.

"I don't see why I should not go and take a peep at the things," she told herself by the way of excuse, forgetting that qui s'excuse s' accuse. "It is my only opportunity. After to-morrow, when he will be there, I could not go unless invited."

It was only about half a mile, for the Court was very near the Rectory; and the way lay through green paths overshaded by trees, in the branches of which the birds were singing their vesper hymns of praise.

A strange sadness set in Anna's heart: only a few hours, and she should see him also!

"Now I will go to the door in the north terrace," she said, decisively, as she approached the Court—a handsome white structure, low and wide. "That north door is sure to be unlocked, for it's the way they must have taken the cases in; and then I need not see Mrs. Parker till I'm leaving. I don't want her with me in the music room; she'd never cease gossiping, good old soul; I would rather look at the treasures alone. I hope she won't espy me going around.

It fell out as she wished.

The Court seemed in more of a rush than ordinary—with the preparation for its master on the morrow, she supposed—and Anna passed around to the side terrace, and entered by the north door. It led through a passage or two straight to the music room, which had been a bare room of late, its fine organ and piano and harp having been removed to the maker's in London for safety.

The room was anything but bare now. All kinds of articles were crowded into it, some large, some small.

Pictures leaning against the walls, groups of beautiful statuary, vases, ornaments, fragile china cups, delicate filagree baskets in silver and gilt.

Anna drew a long breath as she gazed around, bewildered, confused, excited; all was so very rare and beautiful.

She took off her hat and let it fall on the floor, and pushed back her sunny hair, and looked out with strange gladness in her sweet blue eyes.

And all without the slightest suspicion that Roger Brooke was looking on from the end of the room, partly hidden by the white draperies which hung over the lid of a packing case; looking at herself, the prettiest treasure there, standing in her pink summer muslin.

"But which can be Lot's wife, I wonder?"

As she spoke, she was bending over the huge, improvised table, on which smaller things were standing.

She had said the words aloud, as people sometimes do when alone and in surprise, and she was touching an object gently here and there.

"I don't see it yet; yet it is sure to be here—Lot's wife."

"Yes, Anna, it is sure to be there—Lot's wife. I should not fail to bring that for you."

As the well-known voice fell on her ear, the well-known form advanced to gladden her sight.

Anna gave a startled cry. Just at first she thought it must be a vision, and she backed a few steps and held up her hands.

"My dear, don't you know me?"

She knew him now and burst into tears. Very mixed tears indeed they were, springing partly from overwrought astonishment, from dismay, and from a blissful pulsation which was stirring her veins.

What, what must he think of her, intruding thus into the private rooms of his home, avowedly looking for Lot's wife.

"I hope you will forgive me; I don't know how to excuse myself," she murmured in shame-faced contrition, after they had shaken hands; and he stood looking down at her with a smile, enjoying her confusion, his tall fine form drawn to its full height.

"I heard you were coming home to-morrow night."

"No doubt! everyone else heard so," he replied. "All the fault of good Mrs. Parker. I wrote yesterday from London, and said 'expect me to-morrow evening.' She is still in the depths of woe and consternation, laying the blame upon her spectacles, which 'read the sense of the words wrong.' Is your father well, Anna? my dear old friend and tutor."

'Quite well, thank you. He is dining with Dr. Reeves."

Her voice was unsteady, her hands were trembling.

"And so you came up to look for Lot's wife."

"Oh please, please forgive me! Please forgive and forget. I will never come up again. It was all through Lily Sanford. She was here with her uncle to-day, and she told me she had seen all the beautiful things which had come and—and—Lot's wife. I thought it no harm to come and look at them too. It was very foolish of me."

"Very," gravely replied Mr. Brooke. "This is she, Lot's wife," he added, pointing out a figure in which Anna could just now see neither form nor shape. "I brought her, as you bade me, straight from the Plain. I have brought her home for my wife, Anna, and I hope she will always treasure her. Do you think she will?"

"I do not know," she answered faintly.

"Oh, but you do," he returned. "My darling,"—passing his arm round her—"you cannot have failed to understand that it was to my own future wife I promised to bring Lot's wife. Will she accept her?" he fondly whispered.

But Anna could not answer; her eyes were raining down tears of salt.

"And accept me with her? Oh, my dear one, what do you suppose has brought me home before my travels were over, but you? I could not stay away from you longer—my darling, well-loved Anna!"

The probability is that she did accept him, though she could not bring herself to say it; for when he presumed to take a kiss or two from her pretty trembling lips, the attempt she made to draw the lips away was very feeble indeed.

They walked to the Rectory under the soft hues of twilight, when the rose tints were fading from the western sky and the twinkling stars began to shine out.

And when the old Rector reached home at the sober hour of ten, mellowed by Dr. Reeves' good mellow port, he hardly knew which most petrified him—the sight of Roger Brooke, or the news that Anna, with his leave, would soon quit the Rectory for the Court.

"I hardly dare give the leave," said the old man.

"Why not, sir?"

"People would never forgive me. You must know well, Roger, that not a country family but expects you to go to it for a wife."

"Likely enough," laughed Roger. "But I choose to come to you for one, sir."

"Well, well. My dear little Anna! I know not how I shall part with her."

"She will be your loving daughter still, sir, though she is my wife."

Self-Immolated.

BY F. H. A.

"There's the whistle. We shan't have more than time to get to the station before they will be here," said Kate Herbert, standing upon the piazza among the rose leaves, and balancing her hat in her hand before putting it on.

"Yes, so hurry up little girl, or we shall be late," replied Roger Franklin, looking up at her from the path below, and allowing his eyes to rest for a moment upon her trim little figure in a look of admiration. "Who did you say was coming with your cousin, Nina?"

"A Mr. Eugene Ellis—a sort of second cousin, I believe, to Nina. I have never seen him."

"And I have never seen Nina," said Roger, opening the gate as Kate came down the steps.

"You will like her, I know," replied Kate. "She is a wee little thing, and very pretty. Don't lose your heart, Roger."

"Ah," said Roger; "quite impossible. Have I not already lost it, though not to your cousin Nina? By the way, this is a toll-gate, Miss Kate."

He bent and snatched a kiss as she passed through, and although Kate said "Nonsense," and that she hadn't time to bother, she nevertheless did not appear particularly displeased at her companion's impudence.

The railway station was near at hand, but they had scarcely reached the platform before the locomotive came fuming round the curve, and brought the long train to a halt before the crowd of expectant people awaiting its arrival.

"There they are," cried Kate, espying Nina's little figure upon the arm of a tall gentleman, who was forcing his way in the confused chaos of hand boxes and trunks. "That is Nina, and the other I suppose, is Mr. Ellis. Come, I will introduce you."

In a moment the two girls were in each others arms, Roger standing a little aloof, and Mr. Eugene Ellis, carpet-bag in hand, looking at the scene with an expression of amusement in his handsome face as though the people among whom he found himself were a sort of inferior race of savages—interesting but queer.

"Dear me, I quite forgot," said Nina, turning suddenly around as soon as she could disengage herself from Kate. "This is Mr. Ellis, Kate. My cousin Miss Herbert.

The gentleman raised his hat gracefully, and looked at Kate with the same indifferent air of amusement with which he had regarded the rest of the crowd around him.

Kate glanced at him from her brown eyes, as she bowed in acknowlegment of his salute—a quick comprehensive little glance which photographed his handsome figure upon her mind as thoroughly as could have been done by an hour's staring.

He caught the little half-betrayed spark of criticism in her eyes as they met his, and the look of amused curiosity in his face instantly gave way to an expression of gentlemanly interest.

"Here," he thought, "is an admirably keen woman, if I am not mistaken. She has disposed of me, even now."

Kate blushed in her prettiest way, and said she would do her best to entertain Mr. Ellis during his stay, although Waterbury was a dreadfully dull place.

Then she introduced Roger, who had been nearly forgotten, and who had been standing quietly by, with his eyes fixed upon Nina's sweetly beautiful face, with its wild rose complexion, and its halo of flaxen hair, so bewitchingly fluffy and disarranged by her long ride.

In fact, Roger had been gazing at Nina in a way which Kate, had she observed it, would scarcely have liked, for Roger, be it known, had been Kate's recognized lover for a very long time. What if there had been no promise between them? He certainly had no right to become so abstracted over a lovely face when Kate's own rosy self was by.

These visitors had come to Waterbury for a long summer's jollification, so they told Mrs. Herbert on rescuing the house, where they at once proceeded to make themselves at home.

Nina had come upon Kate's invitation, and had asked permission to bring Mr. Eugene Ellis with her.

He was a very unobtrusive gentleman, Nina said, and worth his weight in gold in the way of inventing amusement when things were dull.

He had just returned from a long residence abroad, and there was actually nothing that he did not know.

So Kate, with her mother's permission, and with her feminine curiosity somewhat aroused by Nina's enthusiastic description, had sent a cordial invitation to Mr. Ellis also, and he had accepted it without the slightest hesitation or scruple.

Well, he was the sort of a man to do such easily. He had not been with them a day before he seemed most perfectly a part and parcel of the old homestead.

There was very little of the fine gentle-

man about him—very little of the exquisite self-consciousness which is ever mindful of its new clothes and clean fingers.

He played the piano with delicacy and feeling, for his soul was that of a poet and musician. He could cast off his coat upon emergency, and set himself at the task of sawing wood for Mrs. Herbert's fireplace without mortification when Nina laughed and poked fun at him. He was an adept at the rod and reel, a good reader, a pleasant talker, and through his character there ran a certain vein of *debonair* recklessness, which installed him at once a favorite with both the male and female portions of the society with which the little party at Mrs. Herbert's came in contact while in Waterbury.

As for Kate, she grew to find in Eugene Ellis much that was worthy her respect.

Were her heart not already given to Roger, she might have ended by falling in love with him.

But Kate's heart was not one to be won in a day. One glance into those deep brown eyes would have told you that.

To Roger she had given all she had—herself; and although no word had ever passed between them, though she had given him no promise, yet Roger had never even dreamed of another than Kate as his future wife.

So well understood were their feelings towards each other that all Waterbury already wondered how soon the wedding day would come about.

And thus the matter stood when Nina Deane brought her *petite* figure and elfin beauty to charm and intoxicate the senses of Roger Franklin, and thoughtlessly, perhaps unknowingly—at all events, guiltlessly—to steal his love away from its allegiance.

Oh, bitter were the days to Kate when first this truth came home to her! She learned it not through any lack of the old attentions upon Roger's part. His caresses were no less frequent than of old, but soon there came to Kate's quick, feminine intuition a knowledge of some vague, intangible barrier which was slowly being built up between them.

There was a restraint upon his intercourse with her, and she could not explain it. She felt her hold upon him loosen, felt the golden chain by which she held him slowly slipping from her grasp, and though its links were woven from her heartstrings, she could not divine the cause of their defect.

At last in one terrible utterance, the truth was revealed to her.

She was sitting by her window one brightly beautiful moonlight night, after the little family had retired to rest.

Fatigued with the unwonted labors of an unusually eventful day, she had thrown herself, partially undressed, into a chair before the open window, to enjoy for a moment the white stillness of the evening before retiring for the night.

It was then that she heard this sentence, hoarsely uttered by one whose voice she knew only too well, although his figure and that of his companion were hidden from her by the intervening shrubbery in the gardens below.

"Heaven help me, Nina! Your beautiful face will wring it from me. I love you madly; I would die for you; and yet I cannot marry you. We must go our ways alone, Nina, for I will suffer all alone rather than take you with dishonor, or bring sorrow to Kate Herbert's heart."

That was all. More words were doubtless spoken, but to Kate it seemed that she had grown suddenly deaf at that one instant, and that a dead stillness had fallen upon her heart.

She saw the flutter of Nina's white dress as the pair passed away from among the trees; heard the click of the gate as Roger closed it behind him; caught a little choking sob coming up from the garden, as the white figure came slowly back along the walk.

Then the door closed and all was still.

She moved her arm to see whether she was not palsied, so utterly dead and dumb had her whole consciousness become.

At last she arose, walked unsteadily towards the bed, and sank down upon her knees at its foot.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried, in the unutterable agony of her heart, "how can such things be?"

After that night the sun of Kate's world was blotted out. Yet she suffered and made no sign.

Submitting to Roger [illegible] —attentions which added daily anguish to her breaking heart—forcing for the sake of her guests, a gayety which mocked at her in its hollowness, she passed her days, wearing a mask before the world, and hating herself for the deceit.

But what else was she to do? To renounce all claim upon Roger would have availed nothing. That would leave his sense of honor under no less a burden than before. Where, then, was it all to end?

But a breaking heart, which is driving its owner mad with the terrible intensity of its suffering, is not an easy thing for even a woman to conceal.

Through all her cold carelessness of manner, the deep under-current of despair and utter misery which evinced itself unconsciously to a greater or less extent in all her actions, did not escape the notice of at least one watchful though quiet observer; and this was Mr. Eugene Ellis.

"Hush!" he said one day, when he came upon her once moaning softly to herself, with her head upon the table, and her fingers twined in her brown hair. "Do you think I do not know of that scene in the garden the other night? I heard it all, and I saw you at your window, too; and knew that their words were killing you. There is but one way out of the labyrinth, and surely you know what it is!"

"What is it?" she asked, without stirring.

"Flight."

She raised her head quickly, and looked at him.

"Flight?"

He placed his hand upon hers, and said, in a voice which seemed full of friendliness and kindliness:

"I don't want to marry you, and therefore you can trust me. I advise you because I think you need some friend to whom you can appeal in this trouble, and because I respect and pity you. I do not mistake your character, you would not marry Roger now if Nina were to die to-morrow."

"No," she said. "That is all over—for ever."

"Yet you wish him every happiness."

She burst into tears then, and covered her face with her hands.

"Heaven knows I do."

"Then leave him free to take her if he will. Brave the disgrace of a clandestine departure, and let the world say what it may. Are you not doing it for the sake of the man you love? For you do love him still, Kate Herbert, with all the fervor of your soul. Cut out a new life for yourself elsewhere. It is a fearful sacrifice I know, but I see no better way to help you."

She looked at him confusedly, bewilderedly.

"How—what must I do?"

"I have an acquaintance abroad," he said, "comprising many of the best families in many parts of the Continent. To some of these I will give you letters. One woman whom I know will love and foster you as a daughter for my sake. I will manage all, and will go with you. Farther than that I shall not ask to go unless you shall desire it. But our departure from here must appear at its worst, if you wish to bring about Roger's marriage with Nina. He must believe you dead, or worse than dead, before he will think himself free to take her."

"Yes," she said; "I understand. You are right."

"Take time," he said, "There is no immediate hurry."

Could she do it?

The question was answered in her mind almost as soon as it occured.

Was there not something more than sterling courage, something more than heroic, in this woman, who could thus destroy her own fair fame, and abase herself before the man she loved, that she might give him a more perfect happiness with the one who had stolen his love from her?

The angels gaze down approvingly upon such deeds as this, and write their records in letters of enduring light.

At the end of the week she came to Eugene Ellis, and said—

"I am ready to go with you. I shall trust to you to guide me aright."

That night she slipped down the stairs with her one little bundle of wearing apparel in her hand, and crossed the garden to the gate, where Ellis stood waiting for her.

As the last barrier between her and the home of her childhood was closed behind her, some overstrained chord in her heart, which had for the past few weeks been stretched to a greater tension than it would bear, seemed to snap asunder, and a sudden dizziness came upon her.

She fell blindly into Ellis's arms, and he lifted her tenderly and bore her to the carriage, which stood in waiting at a little distance from the house.

There was a crack of a whip, a fierce plunging of the horses, and a cloud of dust from the wheels shut out the last glimpse of the dark trees around the Herbert cottage, perhaps forever.

Next morning when Mrs. Herbert, surprised at Kate's non-appearance at her usual time of rising, went to her room to call her, she found this little note lying on her daughter's dressing table.

MY DEAR MRS. HERBERT,—Your daughter has left her home under my advice and at my solicitation. Don't try to follow us, it will be quite useless. Tell Roger to forget us if he can. Try yourself to think of us at our best, and leave some room in your heart for forgiveness should Kate prove less unworthy than you now believe her to have become.

"EUGENE ELLIS."

And so he had tried to break the blow without revealing the true reason of Kate's flight.

Poor Nina nearly cried her eyes out at the thought that she had been the means of breaking up a peaceful home by bringing Ellis into the family, little dreaming that it was herself and not Ellis who had brought Kate to take this terrible step.

As for Roger, he went about for several days in a kind of dream, waking up at intervals when Nina was by, and scarcely knowing whether it was right that he should mourn for his lost love, or rejoice in his liberation.

But as the weeks went by they were able at last to speak more freely of the fugitives, though still their names seldom passed the lips of either Roger or Nina, except in whispers.

It was a year before Mrs. Herbert recovered from the shock, and then, and not then did Roger venture to speak to Nina of marriage.

That his old love was dead to him forever he fully realized; that his new love was stronger than the old he felt to be the truth.

And so, one sunny summer's day, in the great city far away from Waterbury, he and Nina Deane were made man and wife, and wife and the purpose of Kate Herbert's sacrifice was accomplished.

And other years went by, and a rosy heir to the name of Franklin trotted upon its father's knee.

One afternoon a tall gentleman entered at Mrs. Herbert's gate, and sauntered up the path towards the door.

That lady, shading her eyes with her hand, stepped back in consternation as she answered his knock.

"Eugene Ellis!"

"The same, madam."

"Where is Kate?" she cried, wringing her hands. "What have you done with my daughter?"

"She is safe and well. I left her two months ago in France, where she is supporting herself well by honorable means."

"How? Supporting herself! She is not your wife?"

"I have come back, madam, to ask you for her hand in marriage. She is not my wife nor have I seen her but twice or thrice since that night that I spirited her away. Would you know why she deserted you so cruelly? Let me come in and I will tell you."

He took a seat within the door, and drew her to a chair beside him.

Then, earnestly and truthfully, he told the story of Kate's trial, and related how she had given up all—home, friend and name—for Roger Franklin's sake. He spoke of the little cottage far away, where she had been patiently awaiting for news of Nina's marriage, and told of his own visits to her once a year, and how, in the humble sphere in which she moved, she was quietly working out the destiny of her life.

In pleading her cause, and asking that she be taken back into the hearts of those to whose love she had renounced all claim, he pleaded his own interest also; and when having finished his simple narration, he asked that this good woman might not consider him unworthy of her daughter's hand since he had come all this distance to ask it, when he might have taken it without the trouble, she gave up her own claim willingly, feeling and knowing that in his hands her child would be safe and happy.

"I shall not bring Kate back," he said, as he took his hat to go away. "It is better that she and Roger remain apart, and that the sea separate us both from the old scenes which would only cause us bitter sorrowful memories. Vindicate her pure name with Roger and Nina, and let Waterbury forget us both."

And then he walked down the path and closed the gate behind him, carrying back to Kate in his own heart the love which should be to her as a full reward for all that she had sacrificed.

SIMNEL.—It is an ancient practice in some parts of England both in Lent and at Easter, for people to send to relatives or friends a complimentary cake, which bears the name simnel. Concerning the origin and meaning of this name there has been much dispute. Many have thought that it arose from Lambert Simnel, an impostor who was put forward by several of the nobles in revolt against Henry VII., as a claimant to the crown.

This young man who was crowned in Dublin as Henry VI., afterward landed with an army in Lancashire, but his force was met by the king and overthrown in a decisive battle near Newark.

Simnel was taken prisoner, and an inquiry was held into by his antecedents. It was found that he was in reality the son of a baker, and being a good person and address, had been selected as a fitting instrument to suit the purpose of the rebellious party, by whom it was given out that he was of royal descent.

When his real origin had been ascertained, the king, instead of sending him for trial or to the scaffold, dismissed him with contempt to the office of turnspit or scullion in the royal kitchen; and he even afterwards received him into some favor, advancing him to the rank of falconer. The supplement to this story was that the father of this man, having been in the habit of making a peculiar kind of cake which obtained much acceptance, it ever after bore his name on account of the son's celebrity.

THE fashionable dog for this year is the Dandie Dinmont. They are not exactly pretty, but they have very sagacious heads, and are wonderfully faithful and affectionate. Though our country women do not go to the ridiculous extremes about their pets indulged in by their French sisters, they are no less fond of them in the long run. One girl, who is a favorite in society, stayed away from a visit for two days because a favorite dog was ill. She sat up with her pet for three nights and managed to pull him through, and then took him away on a change of air. This is a more self sacrificing way of showing affection for a pet than loading a wretched animal with all sorts of incongruous articles of clothing and bed arrangements, which is the position adopted by fashionable ladies in Paris. The Queen's last pet is a dachshund and the Prince has long had a favorite Pomeranian, very white and most devoted. The Princess likes collies best, in memory of her own long-cherished animal; and the young Princesses put their affections in fox terriers.

FASHION IN HAIR.—False was much used in the Middle Ages. The share allotted to each by nature was not considered sufficient, even for the comparatively simple head dress of the period, but was rolled over the ears and laid against the cheek. And they dyed their hair, too, those red-eyed ladies, sometimes black, but most often yellow. They adored yellow hair. The heroes of their romances were nearly all provided with crisp curls of gold, while the heads of villains were usually of a fiery red.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Prominent English society papers incline to the belief that dancing is less in vogue than formerly. They admit that balls and parties are still very general, but so, they add, is the complaint that men care less about them than they did. "The age, it would seem, has grown more practical, and its pleasures have put on a more serious air, at least with a number of the less emotional sex."

How the wheel of fortune turns we want no figures to show. Burke tells us all about it in a curious volume. Some time ago the daughter of a modest clergyman in Heightington, England, traced an undoubted descent from Edward I, King of England, and Eleanor, daughter of the King of Castile. A few years ago there was a laborer in England named Plant, for short, and it was proved that he was among the last of the Plantagenets.

Checking babies at balls is the latest wrinkle. At a ball given in New York this week a woman became tired of carrying her little one about in her arms. She took the child in the hat room and put it in a box. The little sleeper was then duly checked, the mother paying ten cents for the privilege. "I'll keep the baby here till it wakes up, but you must come and get it when it begins to cry," said the man in charge of the hat room. "All right," replied the mother, and away she went to the ball room, where she enjoyed two hours' recreation. At the end of that time the mother was called out of a set to take care of the baby.

Many thieves ply their business almost exclusively at funerals. They come in at the front door, explains a New York detective, with the clergy, the bearers or any respectable people with whom they may fall in. "Once inside the door, the whole house and everybody in it are at the mercy of their clever and industrious fingers. It is an easy matter for one of them to slip upstairs and rifle the chambers while the solemn services are in progress. Servants are easily persuaded that he is only the undertaker's man, and nobody else would have sufficient assurance or cause of suspicion to intercept him. Then the crowded drawing room or hall offers the adept pickpocket a tempting harvest."

The *Medical Era* relates the case of a girl aged about eight, living at Fortress Monroe, Va., who was some months ago, attacked by scarlet fever, the disease running a typical course. For a long time no possible source of contagion could be discovered. The child had not been absent from home, had been with no one lately exposed, and no other case was known to exist anywhere in the vicinity. Subsequently he learned that one of the house servants had nursed a case of scarlet fever in a distant city about a year before. After the case had terminated she packed some of her things, including some things then worn, in a trunk and left the place. A year later she had the trunk sent to her, opened it and took out the contents, the little girl being present and handling the things. Very soon after the child was attacked as stated.

At Tientsin, China, two neighbors, who had been on the most intimate terms, had a little spat, and afterwards one of them, Mrs Wang threatened to commit suicide. The *Mish Pao*, which has the curious story, tells of what followed in this manner: Mrs. Berg, upon hearing of this threat, and fearing least she should be helplessly implicated should her enemy carry her threat into execution, resolved at once to take time by the fore-lock and steal a march upon her enemy by taking her own life, and thus turn the tables upon her. She accordingly threw herself into a deep ditch with the intention of drowning herself. Fortunately a countryman who was passing by rescued her, and, taking her back to her home, attempted to effect a reconciliation, with but partially successful results.

A writer in a Boston paper relates this dog story: Not infrequently I observe a dog standing guard over a horse while the master of the two animals makes a call at some down-town place of business, but I seldom see the canine groom put in so unpleasant a situation or extricate himself so cleverly as he did in a case which I happened to witness lately. It was a cold day, and the dog, sitting on his haunches most of the time, changed his position pretty often as one who found his seat uncomfortable, but he never for a moment took his eye from the horse. Presently the latter member of the party, which also began to find the weather a little chilly, started down the street at a fast walk. This horrified the dog; he leaped and barked in front of the offender with great vehemence, but, failing to stop his companion in this manner, he ran up to a gentleman whom he observed on the sidewalk, and then back to the horse. This he repeated two or three times, barking all the while, until his request was heeded, and the stranger led the horse back to his former place at the curbstone. The dog thanked the man with a wag of his tail, and resumed his seat on the sidewalk with an evident air of relief.

People who are always talking sentiment rarely have deep feeling.

Our Young Folks.

THE GOLDEN WHEELBARROW.

BY LINDSAY.

(Concluded.)

"I READ in a magazine," said Annie Burnside a most wonderful poem. I wish I could remember it; it begins:

'An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,'

and so on it goes all through the alphabet."

'Oh, can't you remember more?" asked the children in a chorus.

"I don't think I can—except perhaps—

'Dealing destruction's devastatingdoom.'"

"Oh, I say, what a lark!" cried Johnny, delightedly, and jumping in his joy. "Devastating doom! my eye!"

Crack, crack, went something under his boots.

"Why, what's that?" asked Lizzie in an anxious tone.

"A bit of toast, I think it must be," said Annie.

"Toast!" cried Madeline, furiously, as she also rose quickly to her feet, "why, you nasty, horrid, rude little boy, you've gone and trod on my wheelbarrow!"

"I—I haven't," cried Johnny, terrified.

"But you have, you nasty, hateful boy! I left it on the corner of the table."

"Who knocked it down? How came it on the floor?" asked Lizzie.

"He knocked it down!" cried Madeline, in fierce anger; her face was white and her clenched hands trembled with passion. "I should like to scratch him!"

Out went one of the quivering hands, but Johnny eluded it with a backward leap that nearly upset little May Burnside who was peacefully sitting on her sister's lap.

The corners of little May's mouth turned down.

"Hush, darling," said Annie consolingly.

"You horrid, wicked spitfire!" cried Johnny, apostrophising Madeline.

"Oh, dear, dear," cried Lizzie, who was picking up the pieces of the unfortunate wheelbarrow; "please don't go on like that, Johnny, I am ashamed of you!"

"But she is a spitfire, isn't she?" cried Johnny, though he was contrite at heart, for Madeline was still frantically abusive.

"What is this?" interrupted Mademoiselle.

"What is the matter, my love?" added Miss Maitland vaguely.

Mademoiselle clasped her arms firmly round Johnny's stout but plump form, whilst the English governess drew her own pupil towards her, Madeline, however, continued to stamp and rave.

"He did it, he broke it, he trod on it, the nasty, horrid boy!"

"He shall give you his pretty toy instead, my dear," said Miss Maitland soothingly.

"I won't," cried Johnny sturdily clasping his golden treasure close.

"Oh yes!" urged Lizzie. "Dear cousin Johnny, do please give it to her," and, kneeling in front of Johnny, she kissed his little hot red face.

Then, whilst growing more and more crimson Johnny silently held out his peace-offering towards the infuriated Madeline.

She took it sulkily, turning it over in contempt.

"It's not half so pretty as my wheelbarrow," she said.

"Oh!" cried the other children with such vehement disapproval that Madeline was fain to grow out a reluctant, "Thank you."

"Now, do let's sit down and play happily again," said Lizzie; "there, Marian, you tell us a story, Marian tells beautiful stories," she added, addressing the company.

"Very good," murmured Mademoiselle, contentedly going back to her arm-chair, whilst the children once more formed a circle of comparative friendliness.

Marian was always willing to tell a story. She was gifted with a lively imagination and great ease of expression.

In the course of her short life she had already been abroad two or three times, and she was also fond of reading books of adventure and travel.

She now collected her thoughts for a few minutes, during which time her playmates gazed at her in respectful silence. Then she began:

"Right away in Sicily—that's ever so far off, you know—there are some terribly high mountains, and deep, deep ravines."

"What are ravines?" asked Johnny.

"Hush, you mustn't interrupt," said Lizzie, laughing, "ravines are great black sort of places; the contrary of mountains, you know."

"Well," continued Marian cheerily, "you know there are lots of ravines and at the bottom of one of them, on a fine summer afternoon, there were two ladies travelling in a carriage.

"They were remarking to each other on the magnificence of the weather and scenery. The two ladies were extremely beautiful, they both had golden hair and large blue eyes, they were dressed in the most lovely clothes you can possibly imagine! But they didn't know that close beside them, in the shade of the rocks, lay concealed a most terrible, fierce, and very savage robber."

"Oh!" cried Johnny, nervously.

"This was quite the worst of robbers," went on Marian complacently, "that had ever been heard of at all in Sicily. He had committed so many murders nobody could count them up; he could shoot people from miles and miles off, and he'd never been known to show any mercy whatever. He lay quite still behind a large bush, and was polishing his gun.

"Well, the carriage went on, and one of the ladies was telling the other all about a beautiful pink bonnet, that she'd got packed away in her trunk with a necklace of pearls and a few other things, when suddenly the postilion threw up his hands in affright and let go the reins, and the horses reared, the ladies screamed, and the robber jumped out upon them from behind the bush.

"*Caramba!*" cried the robber in a horrible, hoarse, gruff voice.

"Why what's that?" asked the children again.

"Oh, robbers always say *caramba*," answered Marian confidently. "The robber drew his sword with one hand, and pointed at the ladies with his pistol in the other; he held a long shining knife between his teeth, and in his belt were ever so many more."

"More what?" asked Johnny, who was now really trembling, and had slipped his little fat hand into Lizzie's for protection.

"More knives of course," replied Marian. "The ladies screamed for mercy, they offered him the pink bonnet and the necklace, and all the other things, and they went down on their knees and cried, but the robber shook his head; then, waving his hand with the pistol, he exclaimed:"

"Miss Brown's carriage has come, and the coachman says please not to keep the 'orses waiting as the night's very cold, miss."

This was the voice of Sarah, the schoolroom maid.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried all the children in despair; "must you really go?"

Marian nodded; she was accustomed to great punctuality and obedience.

"Good-bye, Lizzie," she said hurriedly; "I really must be off at once."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" reiterated the other children; "do tell us what became of the ladies."

"And the robber," murmured Johnny.

"Oh, there was a dreadful scene," said Marian laughing; "I am not at all sure the ladies were not cut up into very little bits, Johnny," then with many hasty good-byes and kisses Marian ran hastily from the room.

After this the party speedily broke up. Johnny's nurse had indeed already arrived and was sitting patiently waiting in the hall.

Miss Maitland sent for a cab, and, after manifold and elaborate arrangements, took herself off together with her little charges, whilst the more hardy Burnsides, who were near neighbors, started cheerily to trot home hand in hand.

Ten minutes later the schoolroom presented the appearance of a "banquet hall deserted:" Mademoiselle had gone to her room, and Lizzie stood alone amidst the ruins.

The furniture was pushed about, the tea-table had not yet been cleared, and the floor was strewn with dolls and dolls' clothing.

Amongst the latter Lizzie suddenly caught sight of a small shining object. It was surely golden, she bent down to pick it up, and, as she held it in her hands, she recognized it as a portion of the tiny wheelbarrow, crushed and flattened entirely out of shape.

At this sad sight her vexation and disappointment grew strong within her.

She was conscious how truly she had grudged the gifts she had lately bestowed, and in her heart there arose a feeling of absolute hatred towards Madeline Tomlinson. She could not bear to think of what had happened; a sense of unreasoning anger and injury clouded her mind.

She only knew that she must run out, somewhere, anywhere, away from the room and its recollections, and she opened the door and went out.

A long passage led from the schoolroom to the staircase, and on the way were two or three doors, one leading to the dining-room another to her father's library.

To-night all seemed dark and still; the gas in the passage was very dim. She did not see a big black form at a little distance from her, but she heard a low whine, and then flop, flop went Sambo's swinging, bushy tail as he lay stretched on the cocoanut matting. Lizzie ran towards him—he seemed a friend in need. She knelt beside the big retriever, and put her arms round his neck, and leant her face against his soft, shiny head, and sobbed as she murmured

"Oh, Sambo, Sambo, I am so very miserable!"

The old dog looked up into her face with an expression of extreme benevolence. He could not say much, naturally, though he omitted sundry kindly sounds, and licked her fingers, and, at last, for want of a better expression of feeling, put one of his black paws gravely and heavily into her hand.

At this juncture the library door opened, and some one looked out inquiringly into the passage.

"Oh, papa, is that you?" exclaimed Lizzie, a little ashamed.

"Is it you?" her father said, in answer. "I couldn't conceive what you and Sambo were about. Why, what's the matter, Lizzie?" he added, seeing the traces of tears on her cheeks. The door was now widely open, and the lamplight from within the room fell full on Lizzie's hot flushed face. She had no courage to answer. "Are you going out to dinner?" she asked, for her father was in evening dress.

"No, no, it's already late, and I'm waiting for a friend who is going to dine with me. I think I have a few minutes to spare; come in, Lizzie, come in quickly. I must speak to you."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Lizzie was fain to take it and follow him into the library. There he sat down, and, whilst still holding her hand, he asked somewhat comically: "May I not dare as well as Sambo for a confidant, Liz?"

"Oh, papa!" was all that Lizzie could say, her tears beginning to trickle down her face again.

"What on earth has happened?" asked Mr. Roy, much surprised; "I understood that you had an entertainment. Is this the effect of party-giving on you, Lizzie? I admit that polite society is depressing at times to the best of us."

He was gently bantering, purposely to give the little girl time to recover her composure. She smiled through her tears, and at last she spoke.

"Oh, papa, it is only just because I have been such a horrible pig!" And thereupon little by little, she explained the whole episode of the golden toys, and the bitter regrets and vexation that could not be soothed in her heart, however hard she tried.

"Did you really try hard?" asked Mr. Roy, quietly. "Well, first tell me this: when mamma proposed that you should give away the toys, had you no option of keeping them for yourself?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"Did she ask you if you really wanted to give them or not?"

"Yes, she told me I was to be quite, quite sure whether I wanted to give them."

"And what did you say?"

"I said that I wanted to give them, quite, quite sure," answered Lizzie coloring somewhat.

"Why did you say so?" asked her father.

"I think," said Lizzie, hiding her face against his shoulder, "I think it was because I was so ashamed to tell mamma."

"Ashamed that you did not want to give the toys?"

"Yes," answered Lizzie.

"But that was not very truthful, surely?"

"No, papa."

"So you began by telling what was equivalent to an untruth," continued Mr. Roy. "I don't suppose that afterwards you had enough peace of mind left or any very generous feelings towards your friends. You should never be ashamed of telling the truth, Twoshoes, even if it does not happen to be specially complimentary towards yourself. And, after the toys were given, how did you feel about them?"

"I was vexed and sorry," murmured Lizzie.

"And when Johnny stamped upon the wheelbarrow, I suppose you felt as if all that happened had been brought together for your special annoyance?"

Lizzie hung her head.

"Well, Liz, next time I will explain to mamma that you are to keep all your things for yourself. Only fancy, had you kept the contents of the box you might now have been playing in state all alone in your schoolroom with six separate toys!"

"Oh, papa!"

"The little Burnsides, Marian Brown, and the Tomlinsons would have gone home empty-handed, and Johnny, (upon my word, I think Johnny behaved like a young brick!) Johnny would never have been tried as he was. We shall know what to do another time."

"Oh no, no!" cried Lizzie.

"You will then experience no regret, no anger, no vexation," continued Mr. Roy coolly; "Sambo need receive no painful confidences——"

"Oh, papa, you are laughing at me!"

"Not altogether," was the grave answer. "We are told, Lizzie, there is Some One who loves a cheerful giver. I don't think myself that any of your friends would have cared much for your gifts had they known how grudgingly they were bestowed."

"But I am not grudging now," stammered Lizzie shamefacedly.

"No? Are you really not?" asked her father; "shall I not tell mamma?"

"Oh, no, please," said Lizzie. "Oh, let me whisper to you something, papa! I am quite, quite sure I am glad about the toys."

"What, even to have lost the wheelbarrow?" asked Mr. Roy.

"Yes, even the wheelbarrow," answered Lizzie frankly, and she lifted up her eyes and looked straight into her father's which were gazing smilingly happily and lovingly down with an expression she could not quite comprehend, but which filled her with a sense of joy and deep content.

Scarce a moment later and the door opened, and a servant announced that Mr. Manners Sutton was in the drawing room.

"I must go," said he hurriedly; "good-night, my dear little Liz," and with a hasty kiss he left the girl.

She stood for a while beside his empty chair thinking, nay, even during the next day, and the next, Lizzie pondered over the subject.

But neither then nor afterwards was there again one thought of regret in her heart for any of the golden toys, nor even for the wheel-barrow.

A WILL AND A WAY.—The truth of the saying, "Where there's a will there's a way," was exemplified in a truly remarkable manner by a tramp who was refused a night's lodging at a police station.

The officer on duty deliberately explained to him:

"We only provide accomodations for prisoners, you've got to steal something, or assault somebody, or something of the kind."

"Oh, I've got to assault somebody, have I?" remarked the vagabond, and forthwith he knocked the sergeant off his stool; and when the astonished officer had picked himself up again, said quietly:

"Give me as good a bed as you can, mister, 'cause I don't feel very well to-night."

A HAPPY ISLAND.

There is a nation in existence that has preserved its identity for more than a thousand years, whose leading families claim an ancestry so remote that it is almost mythological, and whose ninety thousand people live under but forty-three articles that form their whole jurisprudence. Its history records but two thieves; crime is almost unknown, and armies and policemen are never seen.

Seven out of ten of the educational class speak, read, and write the Latin language fluently, and a greater portion the English language.

The people claim to be the freest on earth in doing just as they please, providing they interfere with no one else.

They never lock their doors, have no hotels, and provide ample hospitality for all visitors in their homes.

They glory in the possession of the purest bravest blood in their veins that flows among mankind to-day; and claim the richest traditions of modern nations.

They live where there are forty-one days in the year of total darkness, and a like number of perpetual sunlight.

That nation is on this earth, too, and inhabits the island of Iceland.

A popular ignorance of this country prevails, owing, probably, largely, to the misleading name of Iceland.

The island, of about 42,000 square miles, is green and fertile in the southern portion from May until October, when deer and sheep graze at large. In winter, however, the snow is abundant.

A line of steamers sail from Copenhagen fortnightly. The country is under the protection of Denmark, but there the connection ends.

There are nine provinces, each of which elects twelve of the eldest and wisest of its men to perform duties somewhat analogous to the State Legislature in America.

There is also a national gathering similar to the House of Representatives, and a body like the Senate, which meets once a year. But there is little governing and no law-making to do. Each man governs himself upon the broadest principles of personal liberty in every thing.

The Icelanders are descended from the old Norse Vikings, the free-born families tracing their lineage to Harold and his men who, their rich Norse mythology says, landed in 613.

The land is owned by a few, and those who work the estates are serfs, who pay rental. Traveling is by pony or deer, and in the mountains of Northern Iceland man's foot has never trodden. The Iceland pony will take its rider as far as it is safe to go.

The city of Redjavik has about thirteen thousand people, the greater portion of the of the people living upon the estates. There are splendid hunting and fishing, the wild game being nearly all white. Polar bears that come down with the icebergs furnish popular hunting.

Disputes and trades are settled by arbitration, and the decision must be accepted by all concerned. Public disgrace attaches to any slight misdeed, and no one can live there and undergo the consequent mortification.

Besides agriculture, which produces barley, rye, and vegetables, the great industry is sheep raising.

The exports are largely eiderdown, picked from wild birds, lava from the volcano Mount Hecla, which is pumice stone, and sulphur, which is found in similar and much varied states as salt.

"The Icelander," says a recent traveler, "is very proud of his pure and courageous Norman blood. You know that the French and English and German aristocracy, if possible, will claim even a trace of Norman blood, but here is a people who have nothing else.

"I never heard of but two cases of thieving. One was an Icelander who had broken his arm and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep, and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. That was his punishment.

"The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances, and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property and restore the value of his thefts, and leave the country or be executed. He left at once."

THE FAMILY WAS TOO LARGE.—"There is an insurmountable barrier to our marriage, Mr. Artely," she coldly replied to his proffer of an alleged heretofore untouched heart.

"What is it? My love shall sweep every barrier away," he declared on the impulse of the moment and both knees.

"It is simply this. I happen to know of at least six girls who have promised to be sisters to you, and I cannot consent to be criticised by such a large family of sisters-in-law."

The suit was adjourned sine die.

WORLDLY ambition is founded on pride or envy, but emulation, or laudable ambition, is actually founded in humility; for it evidently implies that we have a low opinion of our present attainments, and think it necessary to be advanced.

SWEET AND SMILING.

BY F. E. WETHERLY.

A maiden went a-roaming
  Arrayed in kirtle green,
With sunbeams bright illuming
  Her hair of golden sheen.

And in the woodland mazes,
  And in the meadow grass,
The buttercups and daisies
  Woke up to see her pass.

An idle youth was strolling
  Beside the grassy way,
In mellow accents trolling
  This sweet and tender lay—

"The little birds are mating
  In every bower and tree:
I trow some lass is waiting
  To be a mate for me!"

The lass in green came dancing
  Adown the verdant glade,
And met the lad advancing—
  Oh, happy youth and maid!

The last fair snowdrops waited
  Their wedding bells to ring,
When gay young Love was mated
  To sweet and smiling Spring!

FROM THE FAR WEST.

I am tolerably certain that every queer prescription or blunder which fell under my notice, or of which I heard, while in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, could easily be paralleled. Some of the Western incidents, however, were so odd as to be well worth telling.

The first prescription on my list was given me by a physician, an ex-army surgeon, who assured me that it was an excellent remedy.

It happened that some years back I started from Denver, in Colorado, on a journey by coach of two or three hundred miles. It was exceedingly hot weather; the day I passed at Denver was the hottest, take it all through, I can remember.

On arriving at my destination, and for a day or two afterwards, I felt a soreness and tenderness about my nose and upper lip, which became painful to the touch; so I feared that some inflammation existed, and that an abscess was probably forming.

I applied to the doctor—there was but one in a very wide circuit—and he recommended a poultice; advice excellent in its way, but there was nothing within fifty miles from which a poultice of orthodox character could be made.

He told me, in this strait, as a substitute to use a slice of rusty bacon.

I was astonished at this, and at first thought he was joking, but soon found he was seriously in earnest; he assured me it was one of the most effective and drawing poultices known.

I took his advice, and all night long, for two nights, and all the evening, when I could be by myself—which was the rule, in that lonely place—I wore this new poultice.

The mention of this remedy suggests an incident in which there is some faint resemblance and the chief actress in it will perhaps read these lines in a far distant country.

A lady, the then prima donna of a small but well-known troupe, was announced as one of the attractions at a concert to be given in a particularly rough town on the western coast, and a large audience assembled on the occasion.

It was a paying as well as a large audience, too, for the prices were high, while nearly all those who attended were men of the wildest and most unruly class, not likely to put up with what they might consider a slight.

Now, on the road to this town an unsightly and painful boil suddenly developed itself by the side of the lady's nose, so that she was obliged to keep that feature swathed in a cabbage-leaf, and being thus, in her judgment, utterly unpresentable at any concert, she went to bed.

But she had reckoned without her host; the assembled miners decided that "they wouldn't have no fooling around," and Miss Zampa having been announced to appear, why, Miss Zampa must appear, and should appear.

In vain did the proprietor of the troupe explain the position, in vain was the return of the money offered.

"Nary cent" did they want, or would they take back, but they would have Miss Zampa, and they did have her.

To prevent an otherwise inevitable tumult, she was led from the hotel, cabbage-leaf and all, and—cabbage leaf and all—she sang through the evening.

Her duties were so onerous that she could rarely leave the platform, and never had she met so appreciative an audience.

In spite of her nose being invisible, and her face half masked by cabbage-leaf, the miners applauded her to the echo.

They were not unmindful of the sacrifice she had made to please them; being, for all their roughness, a good-hearted, generous lot, they strove to reward her.

My first instance is not the only one in my experience in which a queer poultice figures.

In the same Western country a kind of whitlow is common, and is there called a felon—being terribly tender and painful, as whitlows are here.

Seeing that the attendant at the house where I usually dined was evidently unwell, and was nursing his left hand as much as possible, I asked what was the matter with him.

I was informed that Pedro had a bad "felon," which had kept him awake all night. I inquired a little further, and ended by strongly recommending a linseed poultice—the merits of which valuable application had not become known in this distant region. Pedro and his mistress each thanked me, and promised to use it.

Next day I asked how the "felon" was; no better, it appeared, and indeed I could see that Pedro was in great pain. I then naturally asked if the linseed poultice had been tried.

"Yes," replied the mistress; "in fact, he has it on now—but it has done him no good."

I looked at Pedro's hand; the poor fellow certainly had a poultice on, and of linseed, but the seeds were whole!

They had never heard of crushed linseed, and the unlucky Mexican might just as well have worn a poultice of glass beads, for any benefit he was likely to derive from such an application.

I think, however, this last case is thrown into the shade by a fact which came under the notice of a personal friend.

A small farmer had hurt his back, so the doctor ordered half a dozen leeches to be applied, and sent them to his patient. The leeches were applied, but not, I fancy, in the manner intended by the prescriber.

The wife never dreamt that anything alive should be put on her good man, so she fried the unfortunate leeches, and made them into a sort of poultice.

A young fellow whom I knew very well was once ordered a dose of Epsom salts: the best known medicine, I should have said, in existence. The salts were sent, and he took them. I must own I should prefer some other way of taking my salts; he sat and munched them up—dry! How long he was occupied in the task I do not know, but he said it was the most disagreeable medicine he had ever taken, and was astonished when I told him how they should have been treated. However, his method did just as well.

Grains of Gold.

Boast of the day in the evening.

Charity is not an action; it is life.

Think well before taking action.

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.

Confidence gives a fool the advantage over a wise man.

Love's voice doth sing as sweetly in a beggar as king.

Perfect sincerity is the result of a deep inward order.

One has but to conquer one's self, and one lives happily.

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.

Correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

Aids to forgetfulness would be as popular as aids to the memory are.

Ignorance is the night of mind, but a night without moon or star.

Vanity indeed is a venial error; for it usually carries its own punishment with it.

Now of all the benefits that virtue confers upon us, contempt of death is one of the greatest.

You can often determine the value of a man's character from the character of his enemies.

If a man be busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity?

Femininities.

She that is loved is safe.

The true way of softening one's troubles is to solace those of others.

Tissue or printing paper is the best thing for polishing glass or tinware.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in a glass bottle half filled with water will clean it quickly.

A bill has passed the Nevada Assembly prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to women.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

A woman may be ugly, ill shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Ashtown, age 21, income $150,000 a year, is looked on as the "greatest catch in England" just now.

If every man were as wise as he pretends to be, we all should be living about one thousand years ahead of our times.

Stockings are growing more expensive. The new ones are heavily beaded with jet or with real lace inserted in front, and go up as high as $15 a pair.

When I see the elaborate study and ingenuity displayed by woman in the pursuit of trifles, I feel no doubt of their capacity for the most herculean undertakings.

At Carrollton, Kansas, a woman lately embraced matrimony for the first time, though she is rapidly nearing 70. Her husband lacks five years of being an octogenarian.

There is no more sense in hating a man because he is rich than there would be in loving one because he is poor. Girls understand this sort of thing better than hoodlums.

"I married for love," said one. "I married for money, I admit," said another. "What did you marry for, auntie?" "I married forever, and that's what precious few do nowadays."

The first woman preacher to be licensed by the Methodist Church South is a Mrs. Webber, of Springtown, Ark., whose husband is also a preacher. The innovation has caused quite a stir in Southern Methodist circles.

At Kansas City recently Recorder Porter fined Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan $10 for wearing a suit of her late husband's clothes. The poor widow felt lonesome, and wanted something like a man around to scare off the tramps.

Father: "You girls should fix your minds on something higher than dress." One of the girls: "That is what we have, pa. We have got our minds fixed on a couple of lovely high hats down at Mrs. Feather's millinery rooms."

A nun in a Quebec convent sacrificed herself recently to save a child who was being run down by a careless coasting party. She threw herself before the sled and the child was unhurt, but the nun lost an eye and received other serious hurts.

A girl in Rushville, Ill., laid her lump of chewing gum on her pillow the other night and went to sleep. When she awoke in the morning the gum was hard and fast in one of her ears, and she suffered greatly for several days before the obstruction was removed.

Adult son: "Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—" Mother: "My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means."

A determined girl near Owingsville, Ky., eloped in an old calico dress and without any head covering, her father having hidden her clothes to prevent a runaway marriage. After riding 18 miles on horseback she was accommodated by friends with suitable clothing and the knot was then tied.

The newest thing in cresis or monograms is to put them down at the bottom of the note paper instead of at the top, as before, the chosen corner being the right-hand one. The effect is strange, and rather suggests the writer having made a mistake, and begun his letter topsy-turvy.

"Remember, Bridget," said Miss Clara, "that I am out to everybody but Mr. Sampson." A little later Bridget answered a ring at the door. "Who was it, Bridget?" asked Miss Clara. "Young Misther Beaunecamp, mum." "And did you say that I was out?" "Yes; I sed yez were out to everybody but Misther Sampson."

The latest artistic craze in England is bent iron work. The metal used is cut in thin strips and bent into curls and curves by pliers, imitating wrought iron work as far as possible. It makes rather pretty stands for light articles such as flower glasses, fairy lamps and night lights; the materials are cheap and the work is noiseless.

To cure "hangnails" first cut them close to the finger with sharp-pointed scissors, and then, with the back of a penknife, or anything that may serve the purpose, perfectly loosen the flesh from the nail near the root. The ailment is usually caused by the flesh growing to the nail, and as the nail grows out the flesh is drawn so tight that it cracks, and forms what are called hangnails.

Alfonse de Beriot: "You say you are not superstitious, Miss Gushington, but would you dare be married on Friday?" Miss Gushington: "What! next Friday? Why, dear Alfonse, you are so sudden and so unconventional!" "You quite misunderstand me. I protest—I didn't propose—" "That's all right, Alfonse. You didn't propose as they usually do, but I like it just the same. Yes, dear, it shall be on Friday." Alfonse swoons.

Mrs Honeymoon: "I'm sure, dear, I don't know why the crust should be so hard. I followed your mother's recipe!" Mr. Honeymoon: "There, there, don't cry. I know what we can do with the biscuits. They won't be wasted!" "What?" "If you will put them back in the oven for a few minutes and brown them a little more I'll take them down to the factory and have them cut down, polished and made into a set of jewelry for you."

Masculinities.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

It is a good man who can tell the age of a saw by looking at its teeth.

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.

Artificial flowers were first invented by the nuns of the Italian convents.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.

A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one.

We cannot all be as wise as Solomon, but we can all stop pretending that we are.

The use of the diamond solitaire as a full dress stud is confined to the "lower stratum."

There are but three classes of men—the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.

What may be called a new fad is to have one's autograph embroidered on one's suspenders.

Mustache combs of solid silver, daintily flowered, are a recent caprice of the metal workers' art.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil.

Only poor men write books on "How to Get Rich." The rich men themselves will not reveal the secret.

Count Herbert Bismarck cynically says: "The only advantage of better society is that its morality is worse."

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enchanted value.

All the colors of the rainbow are seen in the silk stripes that run through negligee shirts intended for next summer.

The higher you are lifted by the remarks of a flatterer, the flatter you feel when you come down to the truth again.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.

Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.

The power of duly appreciating little things belongs to a great mind; a narrow-minded man has it not, for to him they are great things.

Always come home good-tempered, leaving business cares behind, and do not vent annoyances met at the office on your wife and family.

It has been well observed that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

The body of a boy recently drowned in a pond was found by fastening an incandescent electric light to a pole and illuminating the water about the bottom of the pond.

Of the Mississippian who has had the ague for 27 continuous years a Burlington paper says: "He is entitled to all the satisfaction he can get out of boasting of it."

A much traveled tramp was arrested for drunkenness in Atlanta some days ago. He gave his name as Burns, and said he was a seafaring man, and had crossed the Atlantic 126 times.

Clerk, to busy employer: "There is a gentleman outside, sir, who says that he is a very old friend of your father's." Busy employer: "Tell him I'm sorry, but my father is dead."

When your liver is out of order, remember food cannot be palatable; therefore do not grumble and turn over on your plate what your wife has provided for you, as if it were not fit for a dog to eat.

An Atchison woman with a family of girls raised them up with the fixed determination that not one of them should ever marry a Missourian, a politician, or a man named John, and the very first one to go married all three.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that, while the female population of Boston is much greater than the male population, the statistics of marriage show that exactly as many women as men, to wit, 561, were married in the city last year.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things around, and kick like everything just because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

The late Emperor of Germany disliked to hear anyone speak slightingly of women. When he was Crown Prince, an officer once remarked of a wounded comrade that he was "weeping like a woman." "Never make that comparison," said the Crown Prince, with a frown. "Crying like a child would be better. Women have more fortitude than men."

Harry, horrified at seeing Kate puffing at a cigarette: "Mercy! Do you smoke, Kate?" Kate: "Not because I enjoy it, Harry. I want to fill the rooms with smoke, so that, should a burglar break in, he'll think there's a man in the house." Harry: "Well, you're only losing your time and soiling your lips. A man never smokes cigarettes—leastwise no man that a burglar need be afraid of."

Before the daughter of a rich San Franciscan left home for Europe she made out a telegraphic code and gave it to her father. The millionaire didn't look at it, but locked it in his desk. Last week he got a cablegram from her. It consisted of one word—"Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and he read: "Laugh—send me $500."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The pages of *Cassell's Family Magazine* for March are crowded with good things, among them, besides the two serials, are capital short stories, a sketch—"All Night at the Junction"—which gives one an excellent idea of the life of the man who works the switches from the signal tower, beautifully illustrated; a highly interesting account of "Our Second Visit to Mars," illustrated: a practical talk by the Family Doctor about coughs and colds; some sound warning to parents by one who suffered from "Stammering and Stuttering"; the ever bright and beautifully illustrated London and Paris letters, good poetry, and music, etc., etc., the whole closing with a "Gatherer" full of useful information. Cassell & Co., New York.

WHAT IS AND IS NOT.

Rules are constantly changing for conduct at fashionable dinners but the following will be found good etiquette both there and elsewhere:

Whistling between courses is not allowable.

No well bred person will eat cayenne pepper with a spoon.

It is not the proper caper to take your pet mastiff out to dine with you.

Never ask your hostess for "the cheek" at the conclusion of the dinner.

It is not de rigueur to want more than three napkins in the course of a single meal.

If fruit is served do not offer the apple core to the waiter or throw your banana skins on the floor.

Pie is no longer fashionable in society. No member of the charmed circle ever thinks of substituting pie for fish.

Do not ask for more than five plates of soup, no matter what your politics may be, or what kind of soup may be served.

Keep your food on the table. It is not de rigueur to drop roast beef, or, indeed, any other edible on your hostess's carpet.

No matter how much your corns may ache you are not justified in slipping off your pumps under the table during the progress of the meal.

Thick soups are very common. It must be remembered that it is vulgar to attempt to cut your soup with a knife, no matter how thick it may be.

Avoid personalities, and do not perpetrate the old joke of asking an oyster patti to "sing 'Home, Sweet Home' in her own inimitable way" for you.

Should your friend invite you home to a real home made dinner, do not advise him to try Browne, the new caterer, if you wish to remain a friend of his wife.

If you do not happen to care for the game course let it go, and under no circumstances take your portion and wrap it up in paper for consumption later on.

Givers of dinners should avoid practical jokes. Such old-time customs as putting hairpins in the soup and machine oil in the salads have gone out entirely.

It is not proper to throw olives at the waiter in order to attract his attention, nor is it at all polite to tinkle your wine glass with your knife for the same purpose.

Do not put your host's silver in your pocket. He may have hired it out for the occasion, and such thoughtless behavior on your part might tend to embarrass him.

Avoid politics at dinner. If you are unwillingly drawn into a heated debate rather admit yourself in the wrong than throw a plate of ice cream at your adversary's wife.

Do not complain of the cooking when you are dining at the house of a friend. His wife may have prepared the meal, and you certainly could have no wish to hurt her feelings.

At public banquets it is considered very witty to hit the after-dinner speakers in the back of the neck with bread balls, cherry stones or Malaga grapes, but under no circumstances is it proper to substitute charlotte russe or filet for these objects.

If your host tells you that the soup is called cream d'artois take his word for it. It may seem like pea soup, and it will probably be pea soup better in French than in English, and you must remember that every man is entitled to his own taste.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—"Gentlemen," said the little man at the club, as he looked at his watch, rose to his feet, took his hat, "it is now nine-thirty, and I promised my wife I would be home at ten. In matters of this kind I am rigid and inflexible. When my wife asks me to come home at a certain hour, and I promise to do so, I am firm as adamant in fulfilling that promise. Decision of character, gentleman," he continued, as he thoughtfully rubbed a large, triangular-shaped lump over his left ear, "is indispensible to any man who expects to hold his position unquestioned as the head of the family. Gentlemen, good-evening."

THE aim in educating all must be the same, namely, to render them virtuous and intelligent; but as the natural endowment of individuals is different, all persons are not capable of the same improvement, and every one can not be induced by the same motives to pursue the same end.

THE only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier is Pozzoni's.

CHINESE MEDICINE.

The medical art in China is mysterious and empirical. The medical profession is regulated by rules almost the opposite of those which prevail in America.

In China the doctor receives a fixed salary as long as his patient is in good health.

If the patient falls ill, the doctor's pay is stopped until a cure is effected. Here, a sick person usually tries to assist the doctor by explaining the symptoms of his case.

In China, this would be considerd an insult to the doctor. The doctor may feel the patient's pulse, examine his skin, and look at his tongue; but he may ask no questions.

He is then expected to diagnose the disease from which the sick man is ailing, and to prescribe a remedy.

The medicine prescribed is usually very cheap and very nasty; but some drugs are highly priced; and there are certain precious stones which are believed to be of wonderful efficacy in curing diseases.

One of these expensive prescriptions consists of very costly ingredients. White and red coral, rubies or jacinth, pearls, emeralds, musk, with one or two earths in special quantities, are crushed into powder, rolled into pills with gum and rose-water, and coated with gold-leaf.

This unique medicine is reported to be an infallible cure for smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, and all diseases which arise from blood-poisoning and break out in cutaneous eruptions.

The strengthening qualities of this preparation are said to be quite remarkable.

The Jesuits, who flourished in China in China in the early part of the present imperial dynasty, affirm that they have seen men snatched from the last convulsions of death by its judicious use.

Another remedy is called bitter wine. This seems to be a strong tonic, and is not really of Chinese origin, as it is supposed to have been brought from India. It consists of spirit, aloes, myrrh, frankincense, and saffron.

These are to be mixed, and exposed to the sun for one month, until the fluid becomes clear enough to be used.

The following is a prescription for a Chinese love potion, but it is understood to be only a burlesque of some of their ordinary medical prescriptions:

Take the pistils of white peony which has bloomed in the spring—of a white lotus that had bloomed in the summer—of a white poppy that had bloomed in the autumn, and of a white plum-blossom that had bloomed in the winter: of each of these, twelve ounces.

The pistils are to be kept over till the vernal equinox of the succeeding year, dried in the sun, mixed into powder, and dissolved in twelve mace-weight of rain, and the same amount of pure dew, hoar-frost, and snow-flakes, all of which must have fallen on a particular day.

These ingredients being mixed in equal proportions, they are to be made into pills the size of a dragon's eye, and placed in an old porcelain jar, which is to be buried under the root of a flower.

When the love sick patient feels unwell, she is to dig up the jar and swallow one of the pills in a hot decoction of juniper-bark.

The Chinese author has omitted to state what effect is produced by this potion on either the love-sick maiden or her lover.

But he proceeds to observe that the same prescription is also good for some cases of toothache; only, he adds, as it takes some time to procure all the ingredients of the remedy, some patients have been known to die, and others have been cured spontaneously, before they could try its effect.

Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing to learn that the medical profession is held in rather low esteem in China.

It is an hereditary profession, which receives few recruits from outside, and therefore prefers to stand on its own ancient ways and traditions.

FORGETFULNESS IN THE EXTREME.—There was once, as we know, a distinguished person who got married in the morning and later in the day became so absorbed in his scientific investigations that he entirely forgot the interesting little circumstance. A correspondent tells us of a gentleman who was even more dreadfully forgetful.

He was walking along a prominent street with a friend. They met a lady who bowed; and as in duty bound both saluted in return.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the young gentleman of his more elderly companion, "I seem to know her face.

"Oh, you must have seen her before," was the reply; "that is the lady you are going to marry to-morrow."

THE truly great and good in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

IF IT WAS POSSIBLE to go through life without once taking a Cold, many of the minor, and not a few of the more serious ills of life would be avoided. But since it is idle to hope for so happy an exemption, it is well to remember that Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is a sure curative for Coughs and Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis.

WILL MEN FLY?

"I say, Mary, do you think men will ever fly?" asked John, turning from a paragraph on the subject.

"I can't say as to men," replied Mary, "but ever since using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I feel light enough to fly, it lifted such a dragging weight from me with the pain that tortured every step. I think that medicine the best to make a woman's troubles fly."

WARRANTED. The famous medicine, so gratefully referred to, is the only medicine for the ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

UNFAIR.

When I was a babe and sucked a ring,
And held no views on anything,
Except of course, of the lacteal spring,
Which kept me occupied,
It seemed to be the girl's delight
To kiss me morning, noon and night;
My nose they made a perfect fright,
And how I howled and cried!

Now I have grown to man's estate,
Behold the irony of fate!
No maiden tries to dislocate
That Roman nose again;
And strangely shy is every miss,
Though I'd appreciate the bliss,
And value e'en the smallest kiss
They wasted on me then!

When we have the flood tide how does it get loose?

The boy who gets more than he expected is hard to find.

A touching sight: A small boy investigating a newly painted door.

Employer (to clerk): "Don't know the man's address? Well, write to him and find out!"

"Matchless maid" is the way in which a presumptuous young man addresses a lady of a very uncertain age.

Some of the milkmen hang pails of milk down the well to keep the milk cool. Some of them use too much rope.

Brown: "So your girl's father showed you the door?" Jones: "He did." B.: "How did you feel over it?" J.: "Well, I felt put out."

The locomotive is no coward, but it will run at a minute's notice. It will back out of a tight place in a hurry, and it takes water whenever it gets the chance.

Mother: "Clara, we are going to have company to tea; now, be sure and do not ask twice for anything." Clara: "Then don't forget to help me twice."

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage—" then it stuck.

Brownly: "You have a good deal to say about cranks. Now please inform me what you mean by a crank?" Fogg. "A thing that goes round asking foolish questions."

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they make horses. She had seen a man finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot.

He was a musician: Woman of the house (to tramp): "Well, now; you said you would do some sawing after you got through eating." Tramp: "Yes'em, I will. Fetch on your violin."

Minister (dining with the family): "This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobby?" Bobby (enjoying it): "It ought to be. Pa figured it out that it would cost him over five and twenty shillings."

Assistant (calling boy): "Cash." Countryman: "Great turnips! can't you give me time to get my pocket book out? I don't want no credit, I don't! I'm going to pay you cash soon as I can get at it!"

Brightly: "What would you do, doctor, if you had a bad cold?" Doctor (crushingly): "I'd consult a reputable physician, sir!" Brightly (calmly): "I don't suppose you could tell me where I could find one, doctor, could you?"

A Brooklyn lady's test never fails. She insists upon her husband's repeating a verse from a well-known melody. If he renders it, "I cannot sing the old songs," she quietly places his head under the pump, and "all is well."

An anarchist author says that poverty cannot be abolished by economy and temperance. That is probably the reason the anarchists have such hankering for strong drink. When it comes to soap, however, an anarchist will economize till he is black in the face.

A western newspaper thus describes the effect of a flash of lightning: "A stray flash of lightning was fatally wounded in this town lately. It dashed into a butcher's shop, struck a boarding-house beefsteak, and hobbled through the window shrieking with pain."

"But you know," said Miss Singleton, with a simper, "that I'm not so young as I used to be." "Oh, Miss Singleton!" exclaimed Numbedd, effusively, "you do yourself injustice; I knew you ten years ago, you know, and you didn't look a particle younger then than you do to-day."

A lad in Hartford, being asked for a sentence containing the word "pacify," wrote: "The author pacifies the poem." Afterwards he explained to his teacher that pacify meant to "compose." Another boy in the class used the word urchin in this way. "The father is urchin his boy to go to school."

Among the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus: "This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose whole support he is." The secretary of the bureau wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note: "The circumstances of this case are evidently exaggerated."

A certain politician, holding office now in Washington, comes from Gilead, —, and he is proud of his native town. It is told of him that on one occasion a visiting clergyman preached in the village church, and during the course of his remarks he exclaimed: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Mr. Blank jumped to his feet at once. "Of course there is," he sang out, to the horror of the congregation, "but you can't get it on Sunday."

"Stop thief." Reader, don't *steal* one, but buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 c.

Rub the Salvation Oil in and you will rub the pain *out*. Get only the genuine. 25 cts.

STAGE BLUNDERS.

THE records of our social history are full of blunders of speech and otherwise; some humorous and some the reverse. Many, or most of these, are tolerably well known; but we propose to give here a few which have seldom appeared in print.

Among the traits of stupidity put to the account of actors, by which droll, unrehearsed effects have been produced on the stage there is none that is supposed to convey greater proof of stupidity than that which distinguished the actor who originally played Lord Burghley in The Critic.

The names of several players are mentioned, each as being the hero of this story, but the original Lord Burghley, or Burleigh, was Moody, far too acute an actor to be suspected for a fool.

When Sheridan selected him for the part, the manager declared that Moody would be sure to commit some ridiculous error and ruin the effect.

The author protested that such a result was impossible, and according to the fashion of the time, a wager was laid, and Sheridan hurried to the performer of the part to give him such instructions as should render any mistake beyond possibility.

Lord Burghley has nothing to say, merely to sit awhile, and then, as the stage directions informed him, and Sheridan impressed it on his mind, "Lord Burghley comes forward, pauses near Dangle, shakes his head, and exit."

The actor thoroughly understood the direction, he said, could not err.

At night he came forward, did pass near Dangle, shook his (Dangle's) head, and went solemnly off! Now, if this version be correct, Moody must have been instructed by the manager so to act as to win the wager for him, he having backed Moody on the strength of his stupidity.

On the other hand, probably the incident happened at rehearsal, and Moody have been substituted for some inefficient player originally cast for the character.

In the correspondence of the Princess Palatine, under the date of 1719, is related a double blunder.

She was then at Dunkirk, where the players acted in the presence of the Court. One of them, performing Mithridates, happened by the chance of a letter, to address to Monime a word that conveyed great offence in the utterance.

The unlucky actor, in his confusion, made matters worse by turning to the royal box, in which the Dauphiness was the most conspicuous personage, and saying, with great contrition, "Madam, I most humbly ask your pardon; my tongue unwittingly tripped me up!" The Dauphin was so tickled by this incident that he not only fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but fell backwards from his seat. To save himself he grasped at the cord which kept the curtain up, and the curtain coming down by the run, struck against the lamps, and caught fire. The flames were immediately extinguished, but the curtain could not be raised, and the play was acted out, the audience witnessing it through the gap caused by the fire.

THE PIGTAIL MR. CHINAMAN.—The ordinary Chinaman, as a rule, have their cherished pigtail loosely tied-up in a knot at the back of the head. This is in order to keep it out of harm's way.

But when a Celestial meets a friend, before he stops to exchange the ordinary greetings, he gives his pigtail a poke, so as to bring it down his back again.

The other follows suit; and whilst the two talk, the pigtail hangs down, and is not replaced until they part.

It is considered the height of impoliteness to converse with the pigtail looped up; nor is it etiquette for servants to have theirs tied up when attending on their masters.

It is a peculiar custom, but not a very troublesome one.

One poke at the pigtail, and down it comes; and then, when the owner of it has learnt all the news—heard about the new baby at Pok Ung Lung's round the corner, and the death of the yellow dog belonging to his cousin, who lives in the street of Everlasting Delights—and has discussed the market price of rice, and made a remark about the weather, he takes his leave, and by one miraculous twist has got his pigtail up as fast as if it were held by a dozen hairpins and combs.

AGAINST FLIES.—When visiting a friend last summer, writes a correspondent, he called my attention to a curious plan for preventing the plague of flies in his house.

The upper sash of one of the windows in his sitting-room being open for ventilation, there was suspended outside a piece of common fishing net. My friend told me that not a fly would venture to pass through it. He has watched for an hour at a time, and seen swarms fly to within a few inches of the net, and then after buzzing about for a little depart.

He told me the flies would pass through the net if there was a thorough light—that is, another window in the opposite wall. Though the day was very warm, I did not see a single fly in the room during my visit, though elsewhere in the town they were to be seen in abundance. I suppose they imagine the net to be a spider's web, or some other trap intended for their destruction.

THE lust of dominion innovates so imperceptibly that we become complete despots before our wanton abuse of power is perceived; the tyranny first exercised in the nursery is exhibited in various shapes and degrees in every stage of our existence.

ODD WAGERS.—This country is preeminently the land of strange wagers.

Men there will bet upon almost anything from a beetle-race to the election of a President.

Not long ago two gentlemen had a wager as to which of the two, by thumping on a grand piano, should first place the instrument *hors de combat*.

One competitor, however, spoilt the business by getting so excited during the contest that he incontinently pulled out his revolver and discharged the contents of all the six barrels into the piano upon which he was operating.

Another piano competition of an equally novel kind was lately decided in Minnesota. It was a question of speed.

Two pianists were playing through a long composition, one giving the other 120 bars start. When the second player chimed in the noise was, I imagine, excruciating: for the man was, of course, 120 bars behind. It must have been awful for the audience. Nevertheless, the pianist who allowed himself to start behind the other, caught up his rival hand over hand, spurted, passed him in a passage of lightning-like rapidity, and, after a most exciting contest, beat him by seventeen seconds. "Thousands of dollars," we are told, "changed hands over the result."

FOR WHOM DO LADIES DRESS.—This is a matter agitating a Buda-Pesth newspaper. The question propounded is whether the fair sex dress to please the opposite sex or their own.

Some correspondents stoutly maintain that all toilettes have for their ultimate end the gratification of men. Others say that it is to please the men and induce envy in women; while a third contention is that toilettes are studied and arranged solely for women's eyes.

The advocates of this theory say that men take no notice of dress; whether a woman be simply or gaily attired is all one to them, and they remain as cold as glaciers before the most charming of dresses. One says:

"How often should we be delighted by but a glance from the men at some toilette upon which we have expended much care; but when they see a pretty face or a beautiful eye, not a look is given to the loveliest dress. With the ladies it is different. The best-dressed woman is always noticed by her sisters; and if a woman is plain she can at least carry off the laurels in the matter of dress. So that it is for the eyes of women ladies give so much care to dress."

CHURCH MUSIC.—A sailor, who had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a time and then said:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that hand, give me that hand, handspike, spike, spike, Bill, give, give me that, that hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike, Ah men, ah-men, Billgivemethathandspike, spike, ah-men, why, that would be a hanthem."

A CHILD'S HEROISM.—A while ago two children wandered away in the hills of Oregon. They were not found until the next day at noon. A shepherd dog which was a household favorite, followed and guarded them during the long, dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No doubt the faithful creature protected them from the many wild animals in the deep woods.

But the heroic deed of the older child remains to be added. He took his own little coat from his shivering body and put it on his weaker brother, saving him from freezing, while he endured in a cotton shirt, hours after hours, the keen blast of that mountain storm. Think of this from a child but six years old, and let all who can, say he is not as much of a hero as any of the full-grown Spartans of old, of whom the classics so eloquently tell.

FASHIONABLE DINING.—It is again fashionable to dine in semi-obscurity, the table and guests looking like an oasis of subdued light in the middle of a nearly dark room. The servants seem like shadowy attendants as they hover noiselessly round the slightly illuminated circle or square, and one is moved to wonder how they manage their deft service with so little light.

Some hostesses think it depressing, and in defiance of fashion light their rooms and their tables. On the other hand, ladies who have left behind all certainty as regards their age, prefer the kindly shade, which covers a multitude of wrinkles and other such like unkind touches of time.

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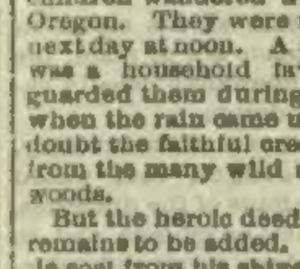

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Ostrich feathers have not for years been so fashionable as they are this season; because it appears they are used, one might almost say abused, on every type of chapeau, from the small long crowned capote to the low, broad-brimmed hats, which seem to have been introduced simply for the massive adornment of feathers.

The Louis XIV. shape is the lastest novelty in hats; the crown is low and in the most dressy models, those which are most specially intended for theatre wear, the crown is covered with rosy petals, and the edge of the velvet-lined brim is bordered with a wide wreath of the petals.

A band of gold galon embroidered with pink silk to match the petals, encircles the crown, and an aigrette of black and pink feathers completes the trimming.

With these theatre toilettes a boa of flower petals is often worn, and the mode is so pretty that it is likely to be much adopted with ball toilettes, to which, as they are much trimmed with detached petals lightly thrown on bouillones and ruches, it will be very appropriate.

To return, however, to chapeaux and their feather trimmings, note must be made of the very becoming effect of bands of curled feathers employed for covering the brims of capotes as well as of hats.

Ruches of feathers are also charming and there is no limit to the variety of ways in which wings are arranged.

Very pretty capotes are made of velvet, fluted on the crown, with the brim of curled feathers meeting at the back under a plume to match.

Directoire chapeaux are frequently worn with costumes in the same style, and are trimmed with feathers or birds.

Many of these birds are made of velvet, padded to make them a little like real birds in shape, and then richly embroidered, and wings of the most fanciful description are arranged to rise on each side of an aigrette bow, as if this was the body of the bird.

Soft felt hats are much worn, especially in green and black, with a band of black feathers on the brim and bow of ribbon or plume of feathers on one side.

In some models the wide brim is covered with fluted lace, but this style is generally adopted with velvet hats, made in similar low-crowned broad-brim shapes.

Small round toques, rather high, and raising straight from the head, are made in felt, in velvet and in fur, especially in astrakan; the fur is made for the brim, which is nearly as high as the crown, and sometimes for the top also.

But whether the top be of felt, velvet or astrakan, the trimming of ribbon and wings is also placed there.

There does not at present seem to be any great danger that the worst features of Directoire or Empire style of dress will be adopted, and it is to be hoped that the leaders of fashion will have sufficient strength of mind to resist the fascination of gigot sleeves, and a few other modes equally disfiguring and devoid also of good sense and taste.

Wide sashes, waists where nature intended them to be, redingotes, coat bodices with revers, plain skirts of richly embroidered silk under open dresses trimmed with fur, wide brim hats picturesquely trimmed and bows of every possible description, all these are reasonable enough, and most of them exceedingly becoming fashions.

The demand for incessant novelty and change is met by the different ways in which colors and materials are combined and opposed to each other, and by the choice and arrangement of trimmings and embroideries.

The lining of the redingote is often enough to give it the particular "cachet" that distinguishes the more elegant toilets from more commonplace costumes.

A very simple woolen dress can be converted into an elegant toilette by lining the fronts of the redingote, or the panels of the tunic, with silk in a light color, and the effect is best of all when this silk lining is of the same color, but in a very pale shade.

Very stylish costumes are carried out in two shades of green, the dress being of dark green cloth or velvet, and the lining of pale green silk.

If the costume is ornamented with embroidery, the lining is chosen to correspond with the predominating color in the embroidery.

A very light shade of beige, almost mastic, forms an agreeable contrast with dark shades of red and nacarat, and it harmonizes well with embroideries in which the same light beige is introduced, together with shades of pink, gold and silver, and a little darker color of the dress material.

Nacarat, a color as fashionable as green, forms admirable ground for these embroideries, and is very rich and effective when trimmed with embroidery worked in a variety of colors on white silk.

The manner of arranging the embroidery differs with the style of the dress; sometimes the whole of the tablier is embroidered, but vertical and horizontal bands, borders, and even detached boquets or sprays, are very much liked, and the question is one of undivided taste.

Costumes with redingotes are made in a great variety of ways; some are exceedingly plain in style and made of inexpensive materials, such as striped limousine, others again are more elaborate in shape, and are composed of beautiful and costly silk and velvet pekins and other fabrics.

There is but a little to describe in the plainer models; the skirt is either plain, or draped a little at the sides, and if made of material with a handsome border, the redingote skirts are widely opened to show the bordered tablier.

The redingote is either of the double-breasted short-waisted description, or else it is like a short, pointed open bodice, the panels beginning about three inches from the point on each side.

The more dressy models are also considerably more varied; the corsage of the redingote is made to fasten in a number of different ways, and the tablier is frequently gracefully draped by means of straps and bows of ribbon.

A very stylish model that belongs precisely to neither of the above catalogues, is a costume composed of shot striped silk in shades of chamois and gold, and of chamois cloth of such fine and soft texture that it might easily be mistaken for silk.

The cloth redingote, which is a model of correct cut and fit, is ornamented with large revers, piped with gold silk; the parements and pockets are in a series of three overlapping tabs, all piped with silk to correspond with a triple cape, which can be removed at will, and the whole vetement is lined with very pale gold-colored silk. The silk skirt and vest are gracefully draped, and the sash is of chamois surah.

A model in a more elaborate style has the redingote of pekin silk in broad stripes in two shades of wood brown, and the draped skirt of fine mastic cloth, caught up nearly in the centre about the level of the knees by two bands of wood-brown ribbon, starting from the waist in either side and long bow and ends where they drape the tablier.

The corsage of the redingote is fastened with a couple of buttons on the right side of the neck, and opens in a diagonal line over a tight-fitting mastic cloth waistcoat, with short rounded points richly embroidered with gold. The collar and parements are embroidered to match.

Colored cloth jackets are the favorite outdoor vetement for young ladies.

A model is of slate grey cloth, with straight front ornamented with revers of slate-grey silk opening over a tight fitting waistcoat of cloth, considerably shorter than the jacket.

It is only natural, that as the styles in which dresses are made are so plain, the materials should be more than usually varied in character and design.

Patterns and ornaments of embroidery, woven and broche designs, that would have been lost in the folds of the draperies, are seen to their fullest advantage and in all their beauty on plain skirts and redingote panels.

Odds and Ends.

HOW TO KNIT A STOCKING.

Economy in wear is by no means the only advantage stocking knitters gain.

Knitting is very calming work; it quiets the nerves, and helps people to take a philosophical view of life. It is easy to get rid of worry, discontent and ruffled temper; when we can knit these disagreeable companions into a pair of stockings.

Many people can knit a little, can even manage to knit with three needles, who yet have never learnt to knit stockings.

For the benefit of such people the following directions are given a pair of women's stockings of ordinary size.

Procure a half a pound of fine soft fingering, and also four steel needles. A loose knitter should have fine needle, a tight knitter thick needles. In order to find out how many stitches ought to be cast on, measure the full width of the doubled-up fist. Usually this will be the length of the foot.

The length of the foot will be two-thirds the measure of the leg above the knee.

Measure the fist, therefore; make this length half as long again as it is, and there is the measure for the top of the stocking that is to come quite above the knee.

Knit a small piece of knitting with the materials to be used, and count how many stitches go the inch.

See how many inches there are in the measure for the top of the stocking; multiply the number of inches by the number of stitches to the inch, and you will have the number of stitches to be cast on.

If a novice in knitting stockings finds the calculation of measurement rather puzzling, let her cast on 112 stitches; this will be about right for an ordinary women's sized stocking.

As, however, some women are short, some tall, some stout, some thin, also as loose knitting stretches more than tight knitting, it is safer to measure.

Cast all the stitches on one needle, and divide them afterwards—thirty-seven on two needles, thirty-eight on the third. The odd stiten on the third needle is intended for the seam stitch which is to run down the middle of the back of the leg.

Knit two plain rounds, then make the welt by knitting two purl, two plain for one inch.

Now begin to knit plain all round, and seam the middle stitch of the needle which has thirty-eight on it.

This stitch must be seamed now to the end of the heel, no matter what chages are made elsewhere.

Knit plain all around to the depth of five inches; then increase three times with four rows between each, in order to provide for the rise in the calf of the leg. Both increases and decreases are made on each side of the seam stitch, leaving a plain stitch between them.

Increases are made by making two stitches out of one. Decreasings are made by knitting two together on both sides of the seam stitch, leaving one plain stitch between.

Having increased four times with four rows between each, knit half a dozen plain rounds, then begin to decrease.

Make three decreasings on each side of the seam, with eight rounds between each; three with seven rounds between each; and three with six rounds between, and three with five rounds between.

If, when the five rounds are finished, the ankle is too wide for the size of the leg, decrease again twice or thrice.

It must be remembered, however, that unless the ankle is fairly wide, the heel will not slip over the foot easily. After th d, knit three inches plain for the ankle.

For an ordinary heel, divide the stitches into two halves, with the seam stitch in the centre of one half, and the other half on two needles.

Leave the stitches on two needles for awhile, and knit the stitches on the one needle which contains the seam stitch backwards and forwards to make the heel, and in every instance slip the first stitch—do not knit it.

There are a good many ways of turning a heel: The following is pretty and rather uncommon.

In dividing the stitches for the heel, take four more stitches than half for the back. Knit thirty-two rows, and preserve the seam stitch in each row.

In the thirty-third row, knit two within three of the seam. Knit two together, knit one; purl one, knit one; knit two together; knit five; turn; slip one; purl six; knit one; purl six; turn.

Repeat until there are fifteen stitches on the needle. Then take up.

Taking up the heel is a puzzling business at first. Put the stitches which have been all this time on the two needles in front on one needle. Divide the stitches on the heel needle in halves, and put them on two needles.

With the left-hand side heel needle take up the stitches which were slipped in knitting the heel. When taking each one up, pass the wool over it and so knit it. When all are knitted on the left hand side, knit and put with them six stitches from the front needle. Now knit off the stitches on this needle, and after they are knitted move the six at the end on to the empty needle.

With this same needle pick up and knit the stitches on the right side of the heel. Upon this same needle take the unknitted half of the heel stitches.

The foot is now begun. Knit three rounds plain, and after this decrease. The decreasing should be made in three points only, that is before and after the six stitches which were taken for the side needles from the front.

Decrease in each of these places three times, with two rounds between each time, and then decrease every alternate round till the foot is of the same width as the ankle.

When the decreasings are finished, five and a half inches of foot may be knitted plain; then the decreasings for the toe begins.

Confidential Correspondents.

BETWEEN.—"Hades" is supposed to be an intermediate state—the place where all souls are gathered and kept till the Resurrection.

WASH-HOUSE.—The principal mule market in the United States is St. Louis, to which city they are taken from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Illinois.

ECLIPSE.—The mean diameter of the earth is 7912 miles; surface of the earth contains nearly 150,000 000 square miles. (2) The diameter of the moon is 2159 miles.

MIZZEN.—The Crimean war lasted two years. War was declared between Russia on the one hand, and England and France combined on the other, on the 28th of March, 1854. Peace was proclaimed in April 1856.

VON BERG.—It would be only proper, if the lady is without an escort, to offer to see her home; but the matter should not be pressed beyond the bounds of politeness. It is easy to see when a lady prefers to do a thing in her own way.

REXIE.—The cotillion styled the "German" was first danced by the German court just after the battle of Waterloo. It has been fashionable in this country for a great many years. The "favors" are given to promote enjoyment and variety.

H.—Pass a hot iron a few times over the velvet without letting it touch the pile; if this does not raise the pile, the covers must be removed and held, pile downwards, over a large bowl of boiling water; then well shaken, or very lightly brushed with a soft brush.

HOLSKE M.—The Extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain (and all her possessions) is for the mutul surrender of persons accused of murder, assault with intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery or the utterance of forged paper.

MAGNET.—Music is of extreme antiquity, dating in some form or other from over three thousand years before the Christian era; but until about 1600 B. C. there was no such thing as harmony or concord in it. Vocal music, or rather choruses, had no existence till about 500 B. C.

NERO.—Warts are merely abnormal protongations or excrescences of the little lumps which can be seen on the surface of the skin with a magnifying glass, and which are called "papillae." The best application to get rid of them is strong acetic acid, which should be used pretty freely every other day.

AMBITIONS.—Appointments to both the Naval Academy and West Point, are made by Congressman and Senators and by the President, who sends one cadet-at-large. Most Congressmen hold competitive examinations, usually in English branches. The requirements for admission to both schools can be had on application to either.

FLORRIE M.—(1) How can the ring be an engagement ring if the young man has never proposed to the young lady, and she cannot certainly consider herself engaged to him until he has asked her? (2) We should think it would be as well to introduce any newly made friend to the family at once, that the parents may see for themselves if he is a fit companion for their daughter to associate with.

IVA LEE.—(1) A young lady of any refinement should avoid, as far as possible, the young man who has broken an engagemen with her. It would hardly be possible for a meeting to result in anything but discomfort for them both. (2) In calling at a friend's house and having no card give your name to the servant as "Miss ——," and follow the same rule when leaving an order at the store.

WARD.—A daughter's name is written underneath her mother's, on the same card. Coronets, monograms, crests and initials are never printed on visiting cards. Wedding cards must never be sent; they are generally out of fashion. So are memorial and christening cards. A married lady only uses her Christian name, but if her husband or she has a father or brother living she should always use her husband's Christian name.

GERTRUDE.—It would be extremely difficult for any lady to learn to play the violin with any degree of proficiency by self tuition. The person who mastered this beautiful instrument by the aid of instruction books only would have to possess a very correct ear, and almost have an intuitive knowledge of bowing and fingering. If you, or any of our readers, are thinking of learning to play the violin, we should certainly advise you to go to a good master.

WEST K.—Gun barrels can be browned with chloride of antimony, and it is so excellent in its operation that it has been called, in consequence, "bronzing salts." It is mixed with olive oil until it is of a creamy consistence; the iron is slightly heated, dressed evenly upon its surface with the mixture, and left until the degree of browning required is produced. So as to hasten the process, the chloride of antimony can be sharpened by adding a little nitric acid to the paste of olive oil and chloride of antimony.

S.—If your impediment or hesitancy of speech, has been acquired and was not natural, you may be able by persistent efforts to overcome it. If you concentrate your attention definitely on what you are saying, and endeavor to speak without excitement, you will find that after a time you will begin to speak with less hesitation. We take it that by "impediment" or "hesitancy" in your speech you mean a mental rather than a physical difficulty. If however, you mean stammering, you will find that your trouble will be diminished if you perform some trifling physical act, such as the lifting of your hand simultaneously with the enunciation of the first syllable of the word at which you stammer.

F. C. J.—(1) How long it would take you to acquire a thorough knowledge of Greek French, English composition, geography, arithmetic, and Euclid, it is impossible to say; it depends upon your capacity, and also upon what you mean by "thorough knowledge." As to whether you should take up the subjects successively or simultaneously, we should advise the latter course. Having two hours a day at your command, you might study three of the subjects—say French, English composition, and arithmetic—one evening; and the other three—Greek, geography, and Euclid, the next. (2) Precis writing refers to the preparation of summaries or abstracts of documents. It, of course, requires more thought and ability than mere copying.